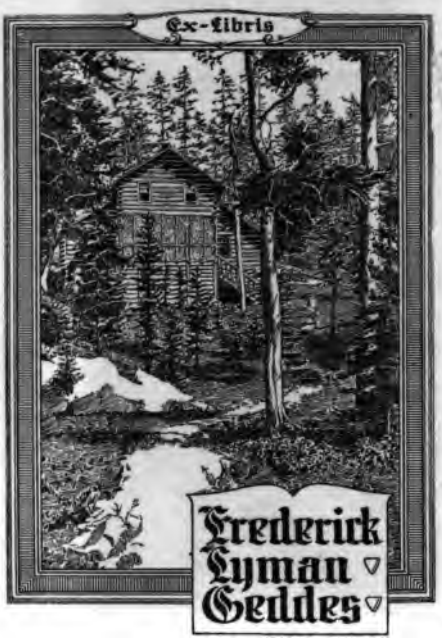
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here's no rude ore; no fits of heat and cold:
Here all is nature, yet all's beaten gold;
No forc'd mysterious soarings in the clouds;
No mud, no foam, no noise, in your deep floods.
With such true spirit your great numbers run,
As lightning bold, but equal as the sun:
Gentle, tho' strong; and nigh, yet still in sight;
Rapid, yet pure; and easy as the light. VERSES TO PRIOR.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG;

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

of the gods. The poet, to this end, *takes off from t*
vices of Achilles, and adds to the *virtues of Ulyss*
from both perfecting a character proper for his wo
in the person of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other Epic poe
have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalem*
Liberata is directly Troy town sacked, with this di
ference only, that the two chief characters in Home
which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italia
has separated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo; but h
makes them both carry on his work with very gre
success. Ronsard's *Franciade*, (incomparably good
far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneis. His hero com
from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays th
foundation of a future empire. I instance in these
the greatest Italian and French poets in the Epic. I
our language Spencer has not contented himself wit
this submissive manner of imitation; he launches o
into very flowery paths, which still seem to condu
him into one great road. His Fairy Queen (had

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CONTAINING HIS

SOLOMON, THREE BOOKS,	NUT-BROWN MAID,
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&c. &c. &c.

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rent poem, I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, affords subjects for finer poems in every kind than have, I think, as yet, appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apothegms as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, All is vanity.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing, or (as the painters term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *simplex duntaxat et unum* which Horace prescribes as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the Poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalic or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, desiring them to be favourable in their censure, and not solicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief patronage or character in the Epic is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to shew us, in his Iliad, that dissentions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles, therefore, is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odysses, the same poet endeavours to explain that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses, therefore, is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose, and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero, therefore, was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour

stanza, which allows a greater variety, a
serves the dignity of the verse, as Spence
fax have done; if either of these, I say, b
remedy for my poetical complaint, or if
may be found, I dare not determine; I a
quiring in order to be better informed, wi
suming to direct the judgment of others:
I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all
to many of my friends, now living, who ha
carried the harmony of their numbers as
nature of this measure will permit: but, once
that writes in rhymes dances in fetters;
chain is more extended, he may certainly ta
steps.

I need make no apology for the short digr
negyric upon Great Britain in the first boo

by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty, in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have shewed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagancies. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure in which this and most poems of the age are written. Heroic, with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined: it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following, and, consequently, produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for Epic; and as it tires the writer while he composes it must do the same to the reader while he repeats, *especially in* a poem of any considerable length.

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For in much wisdom is much grief: and he knowledge, increaseth sorrow, chap. i. *ve*

And further, by these, my son, be admonished many books there is no end: and much study of the flesh, chap. xii. *ver.* 12.

KNOWLEDGE.

BOOK I.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

THE words of the Preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem, Eccles. chap i. *ver.* 1.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity, ver. 2.

I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge, ver. 16.

He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes, 1 *Kings chap.* iv. *ver.* 33.

I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him, Eccles. chap. iii. *ver.* 14.

That in this pilgrimage of seventy years, 5
O'er rocks of perils and thro' vales of tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares; 10
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy and suffer real woe.

Happiness! object of that waking dream
Which we call Life; mistaking; fugitive theme 15
Of my pursuing verse; ideal shade,
Notional good; by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd; fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire;
Cause of our care, and error of our mind; 20
Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon;
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd. 25

But, O! ere yet orig'nal man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was opponent to our search ordain'd,
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd:
This sad experience cites me to reveal, 30
And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's fav'rite son,

Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand?
  Along the sunny bank or wat'ry mead, 90
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;
Peaceful and lowly, in their native soil,
They neither know to spin nor care no toil,
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride. 95
The cowslip smiles in brighter yellow drest,
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast;
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest lily of the field, 100
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown,
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,
Shines with less glory than that simple flow'r. 105
  Of fishes next, my Friends, I would inquire,
How the mute race engender or respire,
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that leviathan, who o'er the seas 110
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth,
From freezing waters and the colder North,

To southern climes directing their career, 115
Their station changing with th' inverted year?
How all with careful knowledge are indu'd,
To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food;
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood?
Of birds, how each, according to her kind, 120
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame which deepest thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain?
How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song? 125
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood?
Why ev'ry land has her specific brood?
Where the tall crane or winding swallow goes,
Fearful of gath'ring winds, and falling snows;
If into rocks or hollow trees they creep, 130
In temporary death confin'd to sleep,
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions and a southern sky.
Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wond'rous nature, and the various race; 135
Or wild, or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?
Tell me, ye Studious! who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer 140
Thro' tractless paths, and an abyss of air?

Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flow'rs their op'ning buds dis-
close?
How, from the thicken'd mist and setting sun 145
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And thro' the liquid fields again to pass
Duteous, and hark'ning to the sounding brass? 150
And, O thou Sluggard? tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want
By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores, and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain, 155
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
Fix thy corporeal and internal eye 160
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly,
Or the vile worm, that yesterday began
To crawl, thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
They show their passions, by their acts, like thee;
Darting their stings, they previously declare 166
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war.

Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial pow'r and full effect of love.
Each, then, has organs to digest his food, 170
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs, and sinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
Life, and her proper functions to sustain,
Tho' the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reason grant 175
To the large whale or castled elephant?
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tailed crocodile,
Than that all differ, but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame? 180

For potent Nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object, spread too far, or rais'd too high, 185
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
Becomes mixt blackness or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound; [round.
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows

Thus while with fruitless hope and weary pain,
We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat,
Around her myriads of ideas wait,

And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain, 196
As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.
Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains: 200
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood:
While the strong camel and the gen'rous horse,
Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force, 205
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad, 210
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man;
While the kind spaniel and the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found, 215
Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam;
Pursues the noted path, and covets home.
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,
And dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet. 220
By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
In *many acts, 'tis hard,* I own, to find.

Instinct and reason how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ign'rance and the pedant's

With the same folly, sure, man vaunt
If the brute beast refuses to obey.
For, tell me, when the empty boaster's
Proclaims himself the universal lord,
Does he not tremble lest the lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancy'd l
Would not the learned coward leave the
If in the schools or porches should appea
The fierce hyæna or the foaming bear?

The combatant too late the field declin
When now the sword is girded to his loi
When the swift vessel flies before the wi
Too late the sailor views the land behin
And 'tis too late now back again to brin
Inquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the wi

Should never strive to rise nor never fear to fall?
When I reflect how the revolving sun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
I doubt of many lands if they contain 26
Or herd of beast or colony of man;
If any nation pass their destin'd days
Beneath the neighb'ring sun's directer rays:
If any suffer, on the polar coast,
The rage of Arctos and eternal frost. 26
May not the pleasure of omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense?
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive?
See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth, 27
And bless the flow'ry buds' succeeding birth?

Where thro' the plains of one continual day, 280
Six shining months pursue their even way,
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night;
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times) 285
To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer
Their own vicissitude and equal share
Of day and night disparted thro' the year?
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd and little space, 290
Hast'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night and penury of shade,
That ere our wearied limbs are justly blest 295
With wholesome sleep and necessary rest,
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear,
Whilst when the solar beams, salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light, 300
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood and farthest lake,
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course [force;
With more extended nerves, and more continu'd
And when declining day forsakes their sky, 305
When gath'ring clouds speak gloomy winter nigh,
With plenty for the coming season bless'd,

From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know ; 310
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest,
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning fair,
And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease, 315
(Grateful alternates of substantial peace)
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discov'rers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd, 320
The rugged bear's or spotted lynx's brood
Frighten the vallies and infest the wood;
The hungry crocodile and hissing snake
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake ;
And man untaught, and rav'nous as the beast, 325
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream, infest ;
Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth ?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man ? 330
Or grant this progeny was wafted o'er,
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore,
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring ?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take, 335
Feed the she adder or the brooding snake ?

Or could they think the new discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?
And since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race, 340
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine?
While the great sire's unhappy sons are found, 345
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue and of god.
How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view; 350
That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials which have been confest
The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other, Water stopp'd gives birth 355
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth;
Diffus'd it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air:
Those finer parts of air again aspire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire: 360
That fire once more, by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd in earth's capacious womb,
Alters its particles, is fire no more,
But lies resplendent dust and shining ore;

Or running through the mighty mother's veins, 365
Changes its shape, puts off its old remains;
With wat'ry parts its lessen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.
Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And, deep surcharg'd, by sandy mountains lie 370
Obscurely sepulchred. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill that hides his head above the skies
Shall fall, the plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit hill; 375
For Time must Nature's great behest fulfill.
Thus by a length of years, and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great;
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air; 380
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers enquire where Babel stood.
Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear, 385
The pompous name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active thought these close meanders trace,
Let human wit their dubious bound'ries place,
Are all things miracle, or nothing such?
And prove we not too little or too much? 390
For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod,
Should *at a word* pronounc'd revive and bud,

Is this more strange than that the mountain's brow
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds
And boast returning leaves and blooming woods?
That each successive night from op'ning heav'n
The food of angels should to man be giv'n?
Is this more strange than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies ev'ry day are fed? 40
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
Raises its store and multiplies its birth?
And from the handful which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flow

Then from whate'er we can to sense produce 40
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
From nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this gen'ral influence draws,
That an effect must presuppose a cause:
And while she does her upward flight sustain, 41
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
A first, a source, a life, a deity;
What has forever been and must for ever be.

This great existence thus by reason found, 41
Blest by all pow'r, with all perfection crown'd,
How can we bind or limit his decree
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?
Say, then, is all in heaps of water lost,
Beyond the islands and the mid-land coast? 42

Oh has that God who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
Countries by future plough-shares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progressive course of restless age 425
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
May not our pow'r and learning be suppress,
And arts and empire learn to travel west?

Where by the strength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd, 430
Ascends my Soul? what sees she white and great
Amidst subjected seas? An isle, the seat
Of pow'r and plenty, her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known;
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heav'n, 435
From thence to this distinguish'd nation giv'n:
Yet farther west the western isle extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleets she sends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands which we imagine wave and sky; 440
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
In other Indies and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name) 445
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame;
Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy and the force of Ages

Rever'd and happy, she shall long remain
Of human things least changeable, least vain; 450
Yet all must with the gen'ral doom comply,
And this great glorious pow'r, tho' last, must die.
Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure sky:
Behold it like an ample curtain spread, 455
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
Ask Reason, now, whence light and shade were giv'n,
And whence this great variety of Heav'n? 460
Reason our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the sun illuminates the sky?
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day?
But we expect the morning red in vain, 465
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain:
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require,
'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears; 470
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth our lab'ring thought,
Let it return, with empty notions fraught
Of airy columns ev'ry moment broke, 475
*Of circling whirl*pools, and of spheres of smoke;

Yet this solution but once more affords,
New change of terms and scaffolding of words;
In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very same I gave. 480

Lo! as a giant strong the lusty sun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run,
Two fold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year:
Again, when his descending orb retires, 485
And earth perceives the absence of his fires,
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face; 490
Each planet shining in his proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer;
Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd;
Each knows his course with diff'rent periods bound,
And in his passage thro' the liquid space, 495
Nor hastens nor retards his neighbour's race.
Now shine these plannets with substantial rays,
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own, 500
All servants to that source of light, the sun?

Again; I see ten thousand thousand stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,

(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build) 505
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand that form'd them infinite.
How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns, 510
In what the spirit of the world ordains!

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day,
How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
To orbs more distant, and remoter heav'n? 515
And of those stars which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
Each by a native stock of honour great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
Itself a sun, and with transmissive light 520
Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight;
Around the circles of their ambient skies
New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,
And other stars may to those suns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births, 525
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll;
Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent sphere 530
Makes, or their distance or their height appear)

And in that space which we call air and sky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie
Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye. 535

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there,
Whilst its circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
Ev'nintofancy'dspace, illudesour vanquish'dthought.

Where, then, are all the radiant monsters driv'n 540
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd heav'n?
Where will their fictious images remain?
In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain?

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
Let us for once a child of Truth confess; 545
That these fair stars, these objects of delight
And terror to our searching dazzled sight,
Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite;
But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride? 550
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,
A moment thy duration, foolish man!
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood 555
Was destin'd only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast,
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast
The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie; 560

And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.
A higher flight the vent'rous goddess tries,
Leaving material worlds and local skies;
Inquires what are the beings, where the space, 565
That form'd and held the angels' antient race?
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what Tradition taught)
En-battl'd cherub against cherub rose, 569
Did shield to shield and pow'r to pow'r oppose;
Heav'n rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with woes.
What were these forms, of which your volumes tell
How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Distance of chain, and banishment of God; 575
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
To swim in sulph'rous lakes, or land on solid fire;
While those, exalted to primeval light,
Lords of blessing, and supreme delight,

How can good angels be in heav'n confin'd,
Or view that Presence which no space can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here? 590
He who made all, is he not ev'ry where?
Oh! how can wicked angels find a night
So dark to hide 'em from that piercing light
Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of sight?
What mean I now of angel, when I hear 595
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits, to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen. 600
Was it not therefore to our fathers known
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet,
Or Sarah please their taste with sav'ry meat?
Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage? 606
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
How could a form its strength with matter try?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh? 612
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our ways,
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?

ies crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with tr
oking min'rals, and from rising streams
'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames;
he living that four-footed move
shore, the meadow, or the grove;
that can with fins or feathers fly
aërial or the wat'ry sky;
poor reptile with a reas'ning soul,
rable master of the whole;
great object of the body's eye,
half-round, this ample azure sky,
arge, and wonderfully bright,
unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
nces unseen, celestial names,
ng spirits, and ministerial flames,

Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and :s, 643
All that in each degree the name of : owns;
Lift we our reason to that sov'reign [laws;
Who blest the whole with life, and h ued it with
Who forth from no -ely frame,
His will and act, hi se same;
To whom a thousa ay; 649
Who bade the Ligh display,
And set the moon, and taught the sun his way;
Who waking Time, his creature, from the source
Primeval order'd his predestin'd course,
Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command, 6
The deep abyss, the long continu'd store, [pour
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes,
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more;
This Alpha and Omega, First and Last,
Who, like the potter, in a mould has cast 65
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see,
Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole,
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
And burn it like an useless parchment scroll; 665
May from its basis in one moment pour
Th is melted earth—
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore;
Who, sole in pow'r, at the beginning said,
Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n, be made 67

Have they, again, (as Sacred song proclaims) 615
Subſtances real, and existing frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay? 620
Why, whilst we struggle, in this vale beneath,
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they more bless'd perpetual life employ,
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now, when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found that nothing by itself was made; 626
When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with trees,
From smoking min'rals, and from rising streams,
From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames; 630
From all the living that four-footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Thro' the aërial or the wat'ry sky;
From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul, 635
That miserable master of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light; 640
From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,

Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones, 643
All that in each degree the name of creature owns;
Lift we our reason to that sov'reign cause [laws;
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same;
To whom a thousand years are but a day; 649
Who bade the Light her genial beams display,
And set the moon, and taught the sun his way;
Who waking Time, his creature, from the source
Primeval order'd his predestin'd course,
Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command, 655
The deep abyss, the long continu'd store, [pour
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes,
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more,
This Alpha and Omega, First and Last,
Who, like the potter, in a mould has cast 660
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see,
Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole,
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
And burn it like an useless parchment scroll; 665
May from its basis in one moment pour
This melted earth—
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore;
Who, sole in pow'r, at the beginning said,
Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n, be made; 670

And it was so—And when he shall ordain
In other sort, has but to speak again,
And they shall be no more: of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
This God, I would discourse— 675
The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame;
Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame;
Till one in whom an outward mien appear'd 680
And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
Began: That human learning's furthest reach
Was but to note the doctrines I could teach:
That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey,
For I in knowledge more than pow'r did sway, 685
And the astonish'd world in me beheld
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
Humble a second bow'd, and took the word,
Foresaw my name by future age ador'd;
O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise! 690
As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
Excelling thee—
Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand, 695
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my questions, in my praises loud, 700
Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All vail of doubt apart, the dullest see.
My Prophets and my Sophists finish'd here 705
Their civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not so my Rabbins and Logicians yield;
Retiring, still they combat: from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the subterfuge of art. 710
To speak one thing mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the simple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd, 715
And captious science against reason charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd. 720
O wretched impotence of human mind!
We, erring, still excuse for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! since first the blushing fire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade, 725

How does the crime of thy resembling race,
With like attempt, that pristine error trace?
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide,
By masks of eloquence and veils of pride? 730
With outward smiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd,
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myself, again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd, 735
At length I Ignorance and Knowledge view'd
Impartial; both in equal balance laid, [weigh'd.
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy
Force'd by reflective reason, I confess
That human science is uncertain guess. 740
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes 745
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast, the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind. 750
Various discussions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought increases pain.

How narrow limits were to Wisdom giv'n?
Earth she surveys; she thence would measure heav'n:
Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way,
Now wanders, dazzled with too bright a day,
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.
Remember that the curs'd desire to know, 760
Offspring of Adam, was thy source of woe;
Why wilt thou, then, renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded strife,
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life, 765
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.

PLEASURE.

BOOK II.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure. Eccles. chap. ii. ver. 1.

I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards, ver. 4.

I made me gardens, and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits, ver. 5.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees, ver. 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun, ver. 11.

I gat me men-singers, and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts, ver. 8.

I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven, all the days of their life, ver. 3.

Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me: and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity, Eccles. chap. ii. *ver.* 15.

Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me, chap. ii. *ver.* 17.

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour, chap. x. *ver.* 1.

The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot. Prov. chap. x. *ver.* 7.

PLEASURE.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

Solomon again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it; begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings; the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thought; reasons aright; and concludes that, as to the pursuit of pleasure and sensual delights ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

TRY then, O Man, the moments to deceive
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd Nature find some apter scheme;
Health be thy hope, and pleasure be thy theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways 5
Where Study brings thee? from the endless maze
Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flow'ry path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
Forsake what may instruct for what may please: 10
Essay amusing art and proud expense,
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus: the pow'r of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of costly pride;

Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours; 15
I founded palaces and planted bow'rs.
Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind
I to the limits of my court confin'd.
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth. 20
Fish-ponds were made where former forests grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view.
Rivers, diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd, 25
Or rose thro' figur'd stone or breathing gold.
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars' long-extended rows, 29
On which the planted grove and pensile garden grows.
The workmen here obey the master's call
To gild the turret and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood, 35
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.
A thousand artists shew their cunning pow'r,
To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r: 40
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed and deck the regal room;

Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the murex * is no more;
Till from the Parian isle and Libya's coast 45
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.

My full design, with vast expense achiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd; 50
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad Thought did still repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on silken beds I sought repose, 55
And restless oft' from purple couches rose;
Vexatious Thought still found my flying mind,
Nor bound by limits nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days, 59
Stalk'd thro' my gardens and pursu'd my ways,
Nor shut from artful bow'r nor lost in winding maze.

Yet take thy bent, my Soul; another sense
Indulge; add music to magnificence:
Essay if harmony may grief control,
Or pow'r of sound prevail upon the soul. 65
Often our seers and poets have confest
That music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage, the lion drop his crested main,

* *The murex is a* shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Attentive to the song; the lynx forget 70
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.
I spake my purpose, and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre 75
Soften'd the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mix'd) the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And ev'ry strength with ev'ry grace was join'd:
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay; 80
Of opening heav'n they sung, and gladsome day:
Each evening their repeated skill exprest
Scenes of repose and images of rest:
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought;
But how unequal the effects it brought? 85
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief descry 90
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound, 95
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain; too low the mimic motions seem; 100
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand,
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command. 105
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noise;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel and protracted feast 110
Wild dreams succeeded and disorder'd rest;
And as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air, 120
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret. 125

Add yet unnumber'd ills that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable! the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate, 130
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too, the blood impov'rish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd by wine's continu'd force.
Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus, and rage
To diff'rent ills alternately engage; 135
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and pois'nous serpents roll. 145
Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love?
Love yet remains; indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire, 145
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r.
Why, therefore, hesitates my doubtful breast?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest?
Fly swift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; employ
Your instant pains to bring your master joy. 155
Let all my wives and concubines be drest;
Let them to-night attend the royal feast;

Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.
  Averse to all her am'rous king desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd, 215
And darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, King Solomon the wise?
  This wretched body trembles at your pow'r;
Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains, 220
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
  'Tis said that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers, of angel, man, and brute;
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly and of reason's force: 225
That to the Tribes attentive, thou canst know
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow:
That thou in science as in pow'r art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice and timely counsel fraught? 230
Where now, O Judge of Israel, does it rove?—
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—
Love? why, 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life, 235
And human mis'ry must begin or end
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a Heathen, and a slave? 240

Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void,
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,
His flames and torments only are exprest,
His rage can in my smiles alone relent, 245
And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot,
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstacy which each receives: 250
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows,
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies; 255
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd;
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken King, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy, 260
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
Nor reap the harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
Contract thy brow, and Is'rael shall obey;
But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease,
Approach his awful throne by just degrees, 266
And if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destin'd to another's love.

Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal, in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ
The mutual contract was to heav'n convey'd;
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spre
The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poignard stain'd
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate:
For long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest pow'r retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare
Hate is my part; be thine, O King, despair.

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her brea
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I thro' number'd years have pleasure sougl
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught,
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.

Am I a king, great Heav'n! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath,
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore, 300
And one mad damsel dares dispute my pow'r?
To ravish her? that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back? O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon must never come? 305
To that insulting rival's happy arms
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms?
Fantastic tyrant of the am'rous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart?
Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway, 310
And those are punish'd most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater pow'r;
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run, 316
From the fond arms of David's fav'rite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow, 320
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The force, while they erect the shrines of Love. 325

His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold express;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his side sustains his store 330
Of pointed darts, sad emblems of his pow'r;
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone, which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd, 335
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed! 340
Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king.
My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy or to forget, 345
I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd,
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd,
Till hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief;
Time gently aided to assuage my pain. 350
And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.
But O how short my interval of woe?
Our grief's how swift, our remedies how slow!

Another nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain,
To change the manner but renew the pain) 355
Another nymph, amongst the many fair
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste 360
To grace my presence: Abra went the last:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name,
And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well. 365
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye,
Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray, 370
When, tir'd with bus'ness of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the ev'ning hours,
And banquet private in the women's bow'rs.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands,
For so the precept of the law commands: 375
Love had ordain'd that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage and submissive dread
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd; 380
With an unguarded look she now devour'd

My nearer face: and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sig
And whence, said I, canst thou have dread c
What can thy imag'ry of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger or receiv'd his dart.
Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder s
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it brok
If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care,
O! while she tells it let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the thr
O! let not death severe in glory lie

The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir.
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run, 415
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast,
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, 420
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast 425
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head at dawning day,
With softest care, have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep. 430

Or if kind heav'n, propitious to my flame,
(For sure from Heav'n the faithful ardour came)
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title and extent of pow'r,
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd, 435
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comliest of the sons of men;

Iv'ry with sapphires intersper's'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly v
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the p
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed
And everlasting sweets bloom round his he
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid
Die Abra, die; too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Se

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid! and, O unhappy tale!
My suff'ring heart for ever shall defy,
New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
As time, I said, may happily efface
That cruel image of the King's disgrace,
Imperial Reason shall resume her seat,
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,
We wisely should exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a second time to err.
This Abra then———
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
And gen'rous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd:
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the sav'ry meat;

To hear the charming poet's am'rous song,
And gather honey, falling from his tongue; 440
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that's great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams, 445
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curled ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eastern coral or the scarlet thread; 450
Even his teeth; and white like a young flock,
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock.
Iv'ry with sapphires interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins; 455
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine;
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed, 460
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
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I call'd her often, for she always serv'd:
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight. 490
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the sav'ry meat;

But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast: 495
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
And when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master-lyre, 500
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest, 505
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest:
A bright tiara round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Render'd its panting whiteness more confest, 510
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm:
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
And she more lovely grew as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame, 515
The several follies of my former flame,
Willing my heart for recompense to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosp'rous love.
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe? 520
The damsel's sole ambition is to please;
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:

[illegible]ly betray'd !
[illegible] own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r,
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd. 5[illegible]
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way ;
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind ;
Then in the flow'ry mead or verdant shade. 53[illegible]
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and [illegible]
And swift into the bo[illegible]

The haughty nymph, in open beauty drest,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
She looks with majesty, and moves with state:
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.
Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride,
Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade; 560
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see thro' Reason's optics right,
Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
Struck with her eye whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great we wish her kind. 565
To-morrow, cruel Pow'r? thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow and dishevell'd hair:
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail:
Here gen'rous softness warms the honest breast; 570
We raise the sad, and succour the distrest,
And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair, 575
And against love, too late, those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.
Against this nearest, cruelest of foes,
What shall wit meditate or force oppose?

Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid, 580
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?
External remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close fiend has gain'd our treach'rous mind,
Insulting there does Reason's pow'r deride,
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqu'ror now, my lovely Abra, held 586
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It sought its peace and joy: while she was gone
It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay; 590
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away:
Her absence made the night; her presence brought the day.
The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:
For her I make the song; the dance with her I lead:
I court her, various, in each shape and dress 596
That luxury may form or thought express.
To-day beneath the palm-tree, on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath, denoting conquest, guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow. 601
The mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous hand,
As she had slain the foe and sav'd the land.
To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war, 605
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes:

The youthful band depose their glitt'ring arms,
Receive her bounties and recite her charms,
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien, 610
To meet, with due regard, my future queen.
If hap'ly Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport 615
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem! descends to wait
Till Abra comes. She comes; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose 620
(As the Sidonian maids or Thracian use)
And half her knee, and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight:
A silver bow she carries in her right, 625
And from the golden quiver at her side,
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride;
Saphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves, 630
The fav'rite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present goddess, I obey,
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay;
The mingled Chorus sing Diana's fame,
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim 635

Her mystic praise, the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.
If, tir'd this ev'ning with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools or the glassy floods
Her mind to-morrow points, a thousand hands 640
To-night employ'd obey the King's commands.
Upon the wat'ry beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle;
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight. 645
Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known;
Tritons and sea-green naiads round her move,
And sing in moving strains the force of love:
Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear, 650
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave. 655
O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace or the rural seat;
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name, 660
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open *fault* and regal infamy.

Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast;
Abra invites; the nation is the guest. 665
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd;
Arabia's wilds and Egypt's are explor'd;
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phœnix 'scapes 670
The men their lyres the maids their voices raise.
To sing my happiness and Abra's praise,
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains and ignominious verse;
While from the banquet leading forth the bride, 675
Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide,
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart and part'ner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatt'rers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beersheba they resort; 680
They barter places and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede or to debate;
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure, 685
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts, for servile ends, 690
Should compliment their foes and shun their friends.

And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes and of honest courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whose sires, great part'ners in my father's cares, 695
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound:
And now, unhappy counsel, I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear, 699
Old Corah's brood and taunting Shimei's race,
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Tho' they had spurn'd his rule and curs'd him to his face.

Still Abra's pow'r, my scandal, still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could settle or revoke, 705
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.
Israel neglected, Abra was my care;
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
Abra possess'd; she was its better part. 710
O! had I now review'd the famous cause
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,
n vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
ad cunning art and sly persuasion hung,
nd real care in vain, and native love, 715
the true parent's panting breast had strove,
hile both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child,
slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay. 720
Unheard the injur'd orphans now complain,
The widows' cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims and reform their own; 726
No more the young nobility were taught
How Moses govern'd and how David fought.
Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,
Or lost in drink and game the solid day; 730
Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threat'ning ruin—
Half pillars wanted their expected height,
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight. 735
The artists grieve; the lab'ring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temples, lie unfinish'd—
The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future mischiefs of a sinking state. 740
Is this, the serious said, is this the man
Whose active soul thro' ev'ry science ran?
Who by just rule and elevated skill
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit, 745
On large phylacteries expressive writ,

Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's instruction, and our ages pride?
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain?
Then was our hearing and his preaching vain! 750
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood, the hum'rous and the gay
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
Sent the full goblet charg'd with Abra's name, 755
And charms superior to their masters' fame.
Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
Some gloss'd how love and wisdom were at strife,
And brought my Proverbs to confront my life. 760
However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries,
To him who was the King, the friend replies.
The King, for Judah's and for wisdom's curse
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?
Our looser lives let Chance or Folly steer, 765
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flow'rs her flowing hair,
And touch the lute and sound the wanton air,
Let us the bless without the sting receive,
Free as we will or to enjoy or leave. 770
Pleasures on Levity's smooth surface flow;
Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe.
Now be this maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy pow'r exprest, 775
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
If for our wisdom we our pleasure give,
And more to think be only more to grieve:
If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd, 780
Forsakes his joy to vindicate his pride,
And, changing sorrows, I am only found [bound.
Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more strictly
But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign? 785
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade; 790
A chain which man to fetter man has made,
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.
Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting. 795
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
Yes, thy insulting dictates shall be heard;
Virtue for once shall be her own reward:
Yes, rebel Israel, this unhappy maid 800
Shall be dismiss'd; the crowd shall be obey'd:
The King his passion and his rule shall leave,
No longer Abra's but the people's slave:

My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate;
I will, alas! be wretched to be great, 805
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.

I said, resolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once so far as to expect relief
From my despair alone——
I chose to write the thing I durst not speak 810
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
How inconsistent majesty and love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well,
But never see her more: it bid her feel 815
No future pain for me; but instant wed
A lover more porportion'd to her bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran, 820
To me, the ease of all her former pain,
She kneel'd entreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd;
Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn, 825
This only object of my real care
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd [world.
From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious Soul,
What diff'rent sorrows did within thee roll?

What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou sustain?
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
How oft' from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair and cherish hopeless love? 835
How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauty's press'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft', with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic Fancy might her likeness trace?
How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne, 840
And live in shades with her and Love alone?
How oft', all night, pursu'd her in my dreams,
O'er flow'ry vallies and thro' crystal streams,
And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone? 145

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love,
In my swoll'n bosom with long war had strove,
At length they broke their bounds; at length their [force
Bore down whatever met its stronger course;
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste, 850
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow and swelling rain,
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows: 855
In vain would speed avoid or strength oppose:
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground;
The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.

And now what impious ways my wishes took, 860
How they the monarch and the man forsook,
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Thro' crooked paths and sad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives, 865
Thro' tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient, lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd,
And by the instinct of capricious lust
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful or unjust;
O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd, 870
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal shade!
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known, 875
Enough to propagate the sure belief
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er grief.
Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease I lay;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires, 880
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find. 885
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside,

No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the cells
Where springing Wit or young Invention dwells,
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails; 890
Patience of toil and love of virtue fails.
By sad degrees impair'd my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer e'n in vice.
The women on my dotage build their sway:
They ask; I grant: they threaten: I obey 895
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsels' haughty pride:
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.
Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire; 901
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Phillistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal. 905
To each new harlot I new altars dress,
And serve her god whose person I caress.
Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
Where the high majesty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth, 910
With which the living God inform'd my youth,
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods; 915

Osiris, Apis, pow'rs that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food?
When in the woody hills' forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble and invok'd its aid:
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal 920
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek to which I pray'd;
When to all beings sacred rites were giv'n,
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heav'n? 925

Thro' these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll;
The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now one moment able to reflect, 930
I found the King abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.
I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race, 935
And left his text to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,
The sad examples which he ought to shun
Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon.
Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing, 940
A wise child better than a foolish king.

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I *much reflected*, much I mourn'd.

A mighty king I am, an earthly god,
Nations obey my word and wait my nod; 945
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign,
Legions of lust, and various pow'rs of ill, 950
Insult the master's tributary will,
And he from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O Reason! once again to thee I call, 956
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her birth,
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth:
Yet this great empress of the human soul, 960
Does only with imagin'd pow'r control,
If restless passion, by rebellious sway,
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart 965
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft' have I said, The praise of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now if some flies perchance, however small, 970
Into the alabaster urn should fall,

The odours of the sweets inclos'd would die,
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply:
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed; 975
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.
Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more;
Of thy past errors recollect the store;
And silent weep, that while the deathless Muse 980
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.
Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd, 985
Much of my women and their gods asham'd,
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise,
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight; 990
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd;
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train, 995
Their wishes, smiles, and looks deceitful all, and vain.

BOOK III.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO

OR ever the silver cord be loosed, or the go
or the pitcher be broken at the fountain
ken at the cistern,. Eccles. chap. xii. *ve*
The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth do
his place where he arose, chap. i. *ver.* 5
The wind goeth towards the south, and turn
north; it whirleth about continually: an
eth again according to his circuits, ver.
All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea
the place from whence the rivers come,
again, ver. 7.

I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doth it? *Eccles. chap.* ii. *ver.* 2.

—*No man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end, chap.* iii. *ver.* 11.

—*Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him, ver.* 14.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man, chap. xii. *ver.* 13.

POWER.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes, in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly, upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power: gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that ALL IS VANITY. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME, then, my Soul: I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am;
For knowing that I am I know thou art,
Since that must needs exist which can impart:
But how thou cam'st to be, or whence thy spring, 5
For various of thee priests and poets sing?
Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some secret particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which Nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet, 10
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct more than choice of will,

Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail, 15
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail,
Till mingled with thy partner's latest breath
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air and lost in death.

Or if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime, of heav'nly fire 20
Wer't thou a spark struck off, a sep'rate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay,
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame, 25
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage.
As fits the various course of human age, 30
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldr'ing walls,
Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains,
And thence with liberty unbounded flies, 35
Impatient to regain her native skies?

Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may dispute than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which, *for thy sake*, from passions I divest; 40

For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life;
Be the fair level of thy actions laid
As temp'rance wills and prudence may persuade;
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear, 45
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
Amass'd in man there justly is beheld
What thro' the whole creation has excell'd,
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense, 50
The angel's forecast and intelligence;
Say, from these glorious seeds what harvest flows?
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes:
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be; 55
Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease:
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day; 60
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear,
That strike his wonder and excite his fear;
By his distortions he reveals his pains; 65
He by his tears and by his sighs complains,
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of speech,

[illegible] wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the shower
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour; 13
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest
Canker or locust, hurtful to infest
The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year. 1
Pass we the slow disease and subtile pain
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
The cruel stone, with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse and continu'd strife 1.
Weak'ning the wasted seats of irksome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay, and age,
Herself the sorest ill, while death and ease,
Oft' and in vain [illegible]

Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken, like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap, 100
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake;
For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes a-new, which, were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again: 105
Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
Judging the latest evil still the worst,
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number and augment their pow'r,
Till by one countless sum of woes oppress, 110
Hoary with cares and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn:
Thus thro'the round of age to childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb 115
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fall'n or hanging o'er our heads; 120
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood;

[illegible] all return,
[illegible] the urn.
[illegible] view we map, with health and vigour blest
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travail for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day. 190
Hap'ly at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter or a dying son;
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase:
The next day, and the next, he must attend 195
His foe triumphant or his buried friend.
In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refus'd,
The trust betray'd, the nuptial [illegible]
The judge corru[illegible]
And [illegible]

Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
The pleasing song or well-repeated tale, 155
When the quick spirits the warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.
The verdant rising of the flow'ry hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the chrystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore, 160
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye,
In wat'ry damps or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain, 165
But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude; he still must mourn
The sun, and moon, and ev'ry starry light
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.
Behold where Age's wretched victim lies; 170
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;
To broken sleeps his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains awaking, finds he lives.
Loos'd by devouring Time the silver cord 175
Dissever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot;
Die, and be lost, corrupt and be forgot; 180
While still another and another race
Shall now supply and now give up the place.

[illegible], [illegible] frowning Preache
"Are not these general maxims too severe?
"Say, cannot pow'r secure its owner's bliss
"And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?
"Are victors bless'd with fame or kings with ea.
I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer and to fear.
"But is no rank, no station, no degree,
"From this contagious taint of sorrow free?"
None, Mortal, none: yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain:
But hence, ye Wordly, and Profane, retire,
For I adapt my voice and raise my lyre
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Ye still must covet life and be deceiv'd;
Your very fear of death shall make ye try
To catch the shade of immortality,
Wishing on earth

Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat;
Spring they, I say, from accident or Fate?
Yet such, we find, they are as can control
The servile actions of our wav'ring soul; 215
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
O fatal search! in which the lab'ring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220
From years of pain one moment of release;
Hoping, at least, she may herself deceive,
Against experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
Happy the mortal man who now, at last, 225
Has thro' this doleful vale of mis'ry past,
Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
The tedious load and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut brass or wounded marble shows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes: 230
He happier yet who, privileg'd by Fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death:
But, O! beyond description happiest he, 235
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
Who with bless'd freedom from the gen'ral doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must
nd he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born. [mourn:
" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear;
Are not these general maxims too severe?
Say, cannot pow'r secure its owner's bliss?
And is not wealth the potent fire of peace? 245
Are victors bless'd with fame or kings with ease?"
I tell thee, life is but one common care,
nd man was born to suffer and to fear.
" But is no rank, no station, no degree,
From this contagious taint of sorrow free?" 250
None, Mortal, none: yet in a bolder strain
et me this melancholy truth maintain:
ut hence, ye Wordly, and Profane, retire,
or I adapt my voice and raise my lyre
o notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd: 255
e still must covet life and be deceiv'd;
our very fear of death shall make ye try
o catch the shade of immortality,
isiting on earth to linger, and to save
art of its prey from the devouring grave; 260
o those who may survive ye to bequeath
omething entire, in spite of time and death;
fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
nd in a book, or from a building live.
alse hope! vain labour! let some ages fly, 265
he dome shall moulder and the volume die.
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange
hat all the parts of this great fabric change,

Quit their old station and primeval frame,
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name?
Reduce the song; our hopes, our joys are vain;
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain.
What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wise or great, of judge or king?
What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear 275
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd, some angry faction to appease,
Now falls a victim to the people's ease;
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth
Nourish'd in flattery and estrang'd from truth: 280
At home surrounded by a servile crowd
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
His very state acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows 285
His secret terror of a thousand foes:
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a slave;
Seeking to settle what for ever flies,
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize. 290
But he returns with conquest on his brow,
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow;
The captive generals to his car are ty'd,
The joyful citizens' tumultuous tide
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. 295
What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise,
One great [illegible]

The wretches he brings back, in chains relate
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate:
The spoils and trophies borne before him show
National loss and epidemic woe,
Various distress, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day, 305
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the soldiers' blood and widows' tears?
See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded carr! 310
In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
And full fruition of successful pow'r,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
Are the dire images of sad distrust, 315
And popular change, obscur'd, amid the dust
That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion or shrill fife repel
The inward cries of Care? can Nature's voice,
Plaintive, be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise, 320
Tho' shouts as thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds, now releas'd, and shake the iv'ry chair?
Yon' crowd (he might reflect) yon' joyful crowd,
Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,

(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the vanquish'd go
Should she depress my arms and raise the fo
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace or the crowded gate,
With restless rage would pull my statues do
And cast the brass a-new to his renown.

O impotent desire of worldly sway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bi
Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile ca
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war,
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow l
Or be so poor to own he was my friend?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes?
To know with more distinction to complain
And have superior sense in feeling pain?

Let us revolve, that roll with strictest eye
Where safe from time distinguish'd actions
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain
Or pleasure ever may with pow'r remain,

Adam, great type, for whom the world wa
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,

[illegible]rk'd [illegible]ded heav'nly grac
Abraham, potent prince, the friend of G
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load,
By blood and battles must his pow'r mainta
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
Must deal just Portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander and in wilds to groan;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Destroy his heir or disobey his God.
Moses beheld that God; but how beheld
The Deity, in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light?
While present, too severe for [illegible]
Nor staying longer [illegible]
The follow[illegible]
[illegible]

420

Till God arose, and great in anger, said,
Lo! it repenteth me that man was made.
Withdraw thy light, thou Sun! be dark, ye Skies!
And from your deep abyss, ye Waters, rise! 390
The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
And o'er the earth, from wrathful vials, pour'd
Tempests and storm, obedient to his word.
Mean time his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he design'd to save:
Exempt from gen'ral doom the patriarch stood, 395
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
The winds fall silent and the waves decrease;
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace:
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal. 399
If on the backward world his views are cast,
'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
Present (sad prospect!) can he aught descry
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost, 400
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's image only eight be found
Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from nations drown'd; 405
And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
The seed whence empires must receive their birth,

— unfinish[illegible] [illegible]ost of care;
[illegible]d Joab's blood [illegible] undoubted heir;
[illegible] Young as I was, I hasted to his son,
The cruel dictates of my parent's will:
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look;
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his rev'rence to the laws,
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him where'er he stray'd from good,
And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon decile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his
n vain for life he t
nbition

47

476

His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, she liv'd, 436
And dy'd obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the Promis'd land he saw.
My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger and a state of war. 440
Alarm'd, expos'd his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliath's lifted sword and Saul's emitted spear.
Forlorn he must, and persecuted, fly, 445
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often ask, and be refus'd to die.
For ever from his manly toils are known
The weight of pow'r and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes? 451
When ev'ry object his offence revil'd,
The husband murder'd and the wife defil'd,
The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd,
When the King's crime brought vengeance on the land,
And the inexorable prophet's voice [choice:
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his
He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflexion shed
Its pois'nous venom on the royal dead: 460
Yet the unwilling truth must be exprest,
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast;

Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfinish'd murder to his son, 465
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will:
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look; 470
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his rev'rence to the laws,
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him where'er he stray'd from good,
And cite his sad example, whilst I trod 476
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view, 480
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue:
In vain for life he to the altar fled;
Ambition and Revenge have certain speed.
Ev'n there, my Soul, ev'n there he should have fell,
But that my int'rest did my rage conceal. 485
Doubling my crime, I promise and deceive,
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r, 490

And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But sever'd, muſt they join the general mass, 550
Thro' other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass,
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
Does the great Word, that gave him sense, ordain
That life shall never wake that sense again?
And will no pow'r his sinking spirits save
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of

Each ev'ning I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run;
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour and renews his pow'rs; 5
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds,

nd a midnight dream,
with semblance apt proclaim
ut, O my Soul, so fast 585
l death for ever last!
sure, is too confin'd,
: and terror of the mind?
nd somewhere, yet remain,
it, delight or pain? 590
cond birth receive?
. only die to live?
s clos'd her husband's eyes,
ng vault with doleful cries,
ot yet entirely dead, 595
ie body fled,
at and motion void,
n, or time, destroy'd;
bstance, to remain

And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Thro' other forms and shapes ordain'd to pa
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
Does the great Word, that gave him sense, or
That life shall never wake that sense again?
And will no pow'r his sinking spirits save
From the dark caves of death, and chamber
Each ev'ning I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run;
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hou
Exerts his vigour and renews his pow'rs;
Starts the bright race again: his constant flam
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds,
These neither seasons guide nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their forc
Various their speed, but endless is their course
From his first fountain and beginning, ouze
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows
Tho' sundry drops or leave or swell the strea
The whole still runs, with equal pace the sam
Still other waves supply the rising urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourn
Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea
A flower, that does with op'ning morn ariz
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;

n aid where reason fails,
incense in to turn the scales, 640
nt sanctuary show
babling schools we maynot know,
shun or bear his destin'dpart of woe.
amend, or what absolve our fate?
ver in a mediate state 645
y and nothing; bounds,
terms, whose doubtful sense confounds
ght, whilst all we apprehend
opes must rise, our sorrows end,
r deigns to be our friend. 650
d instant bade the priests prepare
rifice and solemn pray'r.
ulgar herds, with garlands gay,
ulls ascend the sacred way,
outh proceed to form the choir. 655

And while the buried man we idly mourn, 605
Do angels joy to see his better half return?
But if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murd'rous rapine and seditious strife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driv'n
From the ethereal seat and blissful heav'n, 610
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy that she cannot die?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand;
On either side our thoughts incessant turn, 615
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn,
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason staggering and my hopes oppress, 620
Once more I said, once more I will inquire
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This flutt'ring motion which we call the Mind,
How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
Have we the pow'r to guide her as we please? 625
Whence then those evils that obstruct our ease?
We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain;
And while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest, 630
Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will,
Dashes our rising hope with certain ill,

And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destin'd which we fancy free.
That Pow'r superior, then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd?
Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
Then let religion aid where reason fails,
Throw loads of incense in to turn the scales, 640
And let the silent sanctuary show
What from the babling schools we maynot know,
How man may shun or bear his destin'd part of woe.
What shall amend, or what absolve our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate state 645
Betwixt infinity and nothing; bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds
Unequal thought, whilst all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,
As our creator deigns to be our friend. 650
I said,—and instant bade the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice and solemn pray'r.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way,
The artful youth proceed to form the choir, 655
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance,
They beat the timbrel and instruct the dance:
Follows the chosen tribe, from Levi sprung,
Chanting by *just* return the holy song. 660

Along the choir in solemn state they past,
—The anxious King came last.
The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid, and, bowing at the altar low,
  Father of heav'n! I said, and judge of earth! 665
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth,
By whose kind pow'r and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more, 670
Omniscient master, omnipresent king,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.
  Thou that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds and bid the tempests cease,
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts 675
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts;

A gracious beam of light; from now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise, 690
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise:
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new hereafter and a future state,
Permit me strength my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care. 695
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret lab'rinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r,
Still weeping hope, and wond'ring, ſtill adore:
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd, 700
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My pray'r scarce ended, a ſtupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome:
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread. 705
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows—
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum or the Sabæan rose, 710
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse:
The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews:
Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel would in vain require)

Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear, 715
With ecstacy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear:
And, lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring soul? an opening cloud reveals
An heav'nly form, embody'd and array'd
With robes of light. I heard; the angel said: 720
Cease, Man, of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continu'd grief.
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind;
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow; 725
Be us'd to sorrow and inur'd to woe.
By weak'ning toil and hoary age o'ercome
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb.
Leave to thy cildren tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil and legacies of care. 730
Send the successive ills thro' ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son
That, deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.
The child to whose success thy hope is bound, 735
Ere thou art scarce interr'd or he is crown'd,
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd,
That cursed poison to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love: 740
Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd:

Shall sigh the King diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son:
Shall see the wreaths his grandsire knew to reap 745
By active toil and military sweat,
Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head:
By arms or pray'r unable to assuage
Domestic horror and intestine rage, 750
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear:
Shall cast his weary limbs on Jordan's flood, [blood.
By brothers' arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kindred
Hence lab'ring years shall weep their destin'd race,
Charg'd with ill omens, sully,d with disgrace: 756
Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
Thro' scenes of war, and epocha's of woe:
The empire lessen'd in a parted stream
Shall lose its course, 760
Indulge thy tears; the Heathen shall blaspheme;
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame,
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.
New Egypts yet, and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain. 765
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land;
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky,
Inglorious change! shall in destruction lie 771
Low, levell'd with the dust, their heights unknown,
Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great, 775
Remov'd by the invader's barb'rous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land:
The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
Of gold and vessels set apart to God,
Then by vile hands to common use debas'd, 780
Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
With sacrilegious taunt and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete;
Empires by various turns shall rise and set,
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know 785
A diff'rent master and a change of woe;
With downcast eyelids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run, 790
Their harps upon the neighb'ring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil opprest,
Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflective stream the sighing bride, 795
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide

Her pensive head, and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,
While pond'rous fetters vex their close embrace.
With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn
Their long neglected feasts, despair'd return, 801
And sad oblivion of their solemn days:
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day your frighted seers
Shall call for fountains to express their tears, 805
And wish their eyes were floods: by night, from dreams
Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show
Emblems of heav'nly wrath, and mystic types of woe.
The captives, as their tyrant shall require 810
That they should breathe the song and touch the lyre,
Shall say, Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice?
What can we play (they shall discourse) how sing
In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king? 815
We and our fathers, from our childhood, red
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Outcast of mortal race) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay? 820
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day,
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,
Is but some interval from active woe;

In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
Till morn the tyrant and the scourge return: 825
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not Nature claim?
Reason and sorrow are to us the same.
Alas! with wild amazement we require
If Idle folly was not Pleasure's sire? 830
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning Laughter and to frantic Mirth.
This is the series of perpetual woe
Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not nor reply, 835
View not what Heav'n ordains with reason's eye;
Too bright the object is, the distance is too high.
The man who would resolve the work of Fate,
May limit number and make crooked straight:
Stop thy enquiry, then, and curb thy sense, 840
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain:
Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil; 844
What derogates from his command is ill,
And that alone is good which centres in his will.
Yet that thy lab'ring senses may not droop,
Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,
Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
From him who neither can deceive nor err. 850

The land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn,
Shall from her sad captivity return:
Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read:
Again the glorious temple shall arise, 855
And with new lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies:
The promis'd seat of empire shall again
Cover the mountain and command the plain;
And from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring
Greater in act than victor, more than king; 860
In dignity and pow'r sent down from Heav'n
To succour earth. To him, to him 'tis giv'n
Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy:
Thro' him soft peace and plenitude of joy
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow; 865
No more may man inquire nor angel know.
Now Solomon, rememb'ring who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant life the decent part:
Go forth; be strong; with patience and with care
Perform and suffer; to thyself severe, 870
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress,
Diffus'd thy virtues, first of men be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain,
O may they graven in thy heart remain!
Be humble and be just. The angel said; 875
With upward speed his agile wings be spread,
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By *various doubts* impell'd, or to obey,

[illegible] many seen, and none can see!
Original of Beings! Pow'r divine!
ince that I live, and that I think, is thine;
Benign Creator! let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect; let thy command
Restore, great Father, thy instructed son,
And in my act may thy great will be done.

περὶ πάντα τὸ μᾶλλον
γινόμενον.

Incert. ap Stobæum.

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Supreme, all-wise, eternal Po
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THE PROGRESS OF THE M

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γάλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ τάντα τὸ μ
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. a.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW met Richard, when or where,
From story is not mighty clear :
Of many knotty points they spoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took :
Rats half the manuscript have ate,
Dire hunger ! which we still regret ;
O ! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a f

Runs here and there, like Hamlet
While every where she rules the ro

This System, Richard, we are tol
The men of Oxford firmly hold :
The Cambridge wits, you know, de
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
They say, (for in good truth they sp
With small respect of that old Greel
That, putting all his words together
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bla

Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the br
And from that seat of thought disper
Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles a-cross the eyes,
By which the spirits bring her word

wise Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Could Alma else with judgment tell
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow,
And as thro' these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn what lord approaches.
By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste;
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champaign:
And our ill judging wi[illegible]

And these, in gratitude, again,
Return their spirits to the brain,
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

Thus while the judge gives diff'rent jour
To country counsel and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home,
Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The diff'rence but from more to less :

When other limbs we plainly see
Each in his way as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receives it,
It is the artist's hand that gives it:
And tho' the scull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts but his allies:
E'en what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make,
Do nothing else but sleep and ach.
Nor matters it that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from ...

(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.
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[illegible] head receives it, 105
[illegible] hand that gives it:
[illegible] scull may wear the laurel,
[illegible] arm sustains the quarrel.
[illegible] tongue, ears, and eyes,
parts but his allies: 110
ou hear the tongue proclaim,
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he head perform alone,
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Are not his parts but his allies:
E'en what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make,
Do nothing else but sleep and ach.
Nor matters it that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they thro' the veins could
Now we

11

Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke: 880
Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of Beings! Pow'r divine! 885
ince that I live, and that I think, is thine;
Benign Creator! let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect; let thy command
Restore, great Father, thy instructed son,
And in my act may thy great will be done. 890

ALMA:

OR

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα νόησις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW met Richard, when or where,
From story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they spoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took:
Rats half the manuscript have ate, 5
Dire hunger! which we still regret;
O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast:
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains 10
Shall be to future times convey'd:
It thus begins;
* * * * Here Matthew said,
Alma in verse, in prose, the mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd, 15
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is bonâ fide all in all:

And yet slap dash is all again
In ev'ry sinew, nerve, and vein;
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost, 20
While every where she rules the roast.
This System, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold:
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply. 25
They say, (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma, they strenuously maintain, 30
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain,
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles a-cross the eyes, 35
By which the spirits bring her word
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd;
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace 40
From former friends, now out of place.
Without these aids to be more serious,
Her pow'r, they hold, had been precarious;
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing. 45

Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd can maids refuse? 160
Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse,
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in alternate verse.
Verse! Matt. reply'd; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair. 165
This looks, friend Dick, as nature had
But exercis'd the salesman's trade;
As if she haply had sat down
And cut out clothes for all the Town,
Then sent them out to Monmouth street,
To try what persons they would fit;
But ev'ry free and licens'd tailor
Would in this thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?
His clothes as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire or a whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape before he takes your measure;
For real Kate he made the bodice,
And not for an ideal goddess.
No error near his shopboard lurk'd;
He knew the folks for whom he work'd:
Still to their size he aim'd his skill,
Else pr'ythee who would pay his bill,

And these, in gratitude, again,
Return their spirits to the brain, 75
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.
Thus while the judge gives diff'rent journies 80
To country counsel and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home, 85
Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.
The scholars of the Stagyrite, 90
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The diff'rence but from more to less:
The Mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain, 95
You grant, at least, she is extended,
Ergo, the whole dispute is ended:
For till to-morrow should you plead
From form and structure of the head,
The mind, as visibly is seen, 100
Extended thro' the whole machine.

Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs we plainly see
Each in his way as brisk as he? 105
For music, grant the head receives it,
It is the artist's hand that gives it:
And tho' the scull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes, 110
Are not his parts but his allies:
E'en what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone? 115
A foolish figure he must make,
Do nothing else but sleep and ach.
Nor matters it that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal, 120
Before they thro' the veins could roll;
Now we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back before they came.
If, therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers and from toes, 125
Or toes or fingers in this case,
Of *numscull's self* should take the place;
Disputing fair you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.

How many would admire our [illegible],
And yet how few would comprehend us?
Here, Richard, let my scheme commence:
Oh! may my words be lost in sense,
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to right
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My simple system shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts, by just degrees,
Up to the ancles, legs, and knêes:
Next as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And all these under regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter:
Mature, if not improv'd by time,

Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
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While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
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As if she haply had sat down
And cut out clothes for all the Town,
Then sent them out to Monmouth street, 170
To try what persons they would fit;
But ev'ry free and licens'd tailor
Would in this thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex? 175
His clothes as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire or a whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape before he takes your measure:
For real Kate he made the bodice, 180
And not for an ideal goddess.
No error near his shopboard lurk'd;
He knew the folks for whom he work'd:
Still to their size he aim'd his skill,
Else *pr'ythee who* would pay his bill, 185

Next, Dick, if chance herself should vary,
Observe how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, Friend, place your shoes,
Your spectacles upon your toes,
Then you and Memmius shall agree 190
How nicely men would walk or see.
But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less. 195
In arms and science 'tis the same;
Our rivals' hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairest butt, 200
John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook,
And as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground. 205
The commentators on old Ari-
Stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought,
Just as the melancholic eye 210
Sees fleets and armies in the sky,
And to the poor apprentice' ear
The bells sound Whittington Lord May'r.

The conj'rer thus explains his scheme;
Thus spirits walk and prophets dream, 215
North Britons thus have second sight,
And Germans free from gun-shot fight.
Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest that if their comments find 220
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die;
This flatly th' other sect deny,
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names but hard in verse to stand; 225
They wonder men should have mistook
The tenets of their master's book,
And hold that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age and, seiz'd by death. 229
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two stools;
The more she reads the more perplex'd,
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that 235
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
These diff'rent systems, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now to bring things to fair conclusion, 240
And save much Christian ink's effusion,

Let me propose an healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream;
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus, 245
How many would admire our toil,
And yet how few would comprehend us?
Here, Richard, let my scheme commence:
Oh! may my words be lost in sense,
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to right 250
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My simple system shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts, by just degrees,
Up to the ancles, legs, and knées: 255
Next as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And all these under regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter, 260
As we shall show at large hereafter:
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;
From thence compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage. 265
From the feet upward to the head,
Pithy, and short, says Dick, proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion;
Observe the progress of the motion:

... nis meat devours, 385
y smells the peel and flow'rs;
must be an idle dreamer
aves the pie and gnaws the streamer.
: Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
enus keeps her coach and sparrows, 390
ut emblem, to acquaint one,
n is sharp, the mother wanton.
ages have sometimes shown
c sense, but oft'ner none;
conceives what bards devise, 395
w'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes?
e's the sense, direct and moral,
h are pearl, or lips are coral?
Horace owns he various writ,
r sober maggots bit; 400
e too much the poet ranted

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still;
Their legs, you see, direct their will; 300
From op'ning morn till setting sun
Around the fields and woods they run;
They frisk, and dance, and leap and play,
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can say.
To her next stage as Alma flies, 305
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With sympathetic pow'r she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stoolball seen; 310
While John for ninepins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar,
Both legs and arms spontaneous move,
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
Another motion now she makes: 315
O, need I name the seat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly: 320
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves:
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires and raging pains.
The nymph, too, longs to be alone, 325
Leaves all the swains and sighs for one:

The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each ev'ning in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love: 330
So to the priest their case they tell;
He ties the knot, and all goes well.
  But, O my Muse, just distance keep,
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months' time the bodice loose, 335
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd,
And that young life and quick'ning sense
Spring from his influence darted thence: 340
So from the middle of the world
The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd;
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams
Which quicken earth with genial flames.
  Dick, who thus long had passive sat, 345
Here strok'd his chin and cock'd his hat,
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him. 350
Love's advocates, Dick, who are those?
The poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
The *men with whom* till now you herded.

Prosemen alone, for private ends,
I though forsook their ancient friends.
In cor' stillavit, cries Lucretius,
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The self-same thing soft Ovid says,
(A proper judge in such a case.)
Horace his phrase is *torret jecur*,
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil, too, has plac'd this passion;
What signifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic plain the case is,
That Love holds one of these two places.
Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.
First, poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Matter and figure they produce,
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests:
But one may baulk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my Lord-May'r,
Roast beef and ven'son is your fare,
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard:
But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel,
Help only to adorn the meal;

And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours, 385
But only smells the peel and flow'rs;
And he must be an idle dreamer
Who leaves the pie and gnaws the streamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows, 390
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oft'ner none;
For who conceives what bards devise, 395
That heav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes?
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?
Your Horace owns he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit; 400
And where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.
Lucretius keeps a mighty pother 405
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;
Calls her great Queen of earth and air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her,
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.

Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she, and all her fellow gods,
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below, 415
Our health or hanging, weal or woe,
Nor once disturb their heav'nly spirits
With Scapin's cheats or Cæsar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin poets prove
Where lies the real seat of love. 420
Jecur they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse;
And if folks ask the reason for't,
Say one was long and th' other short.
Thus I presume the British muse 425
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater;
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's heart; 430
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure he must transfix the liver:
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.
But let your friends in verse suppose, 435
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose,
Anatomists can make it clear,
The liver minds his own affair,

Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices, 440
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide,
Else we should want both gibe and satire,
And all be burst with pure good-nature;
Now gall is bitter with a witness, 445
And love is all delight and sweetness:
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same;
And he, methinks, is no great scholar
Who can mistake desire for choler. 450
The like may of the heart be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those whose hearts are loose and low,
Start if they hear but the tattoo:
And mighty physical their fear is, 455
For soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches:
But heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high, 460
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very corslets beat,
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And *yield 'em most* excessive pleasure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart 465
That courage does itself exert,

'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire and fell debate? 470
Must people only take delight in
Those hours when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
These notions, then, I think but idle, 475
And love shall still possess the middle.
This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover;
Tho' he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage, 480
He grows dispirited and low,
He hates the fight and shuns the foe.
In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tallboy, wept,
Nor would return to war and slaughter, 485
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing Asia lost:
His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
To keep the fair he gave the world. 490
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in youth, in arms renown'd,
While England's voice and Warwick's care
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,

...ly mix'd,
on the whole is fix'd: 30
your courtly dames
s returning birth-day claims)
ve the stuffs they vary,
re best as most contrary;
th stiff embroid'ry shining, 35
ng with a slighter lining,
ndian figure stain,
ist be rich and plain:
uthors, have thought fit
sion temper wit: 40
's too fiercely glare,
ith a milder air:
ints, you turn their force,
plain discourse.
Matt, these words of thin-

From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods and duns his debtors;
In th' other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid:
For story and experience tell us
That man grows cold and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And her's to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below;
But, in the breast encamp'd, prepares
[illegible]

A flaming yellow here they spread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet from these colours oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd: 30
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
And things are best as most contrary;
The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining, 35
Looks charming with a slighter lining,
The out-, if Indian figure stain,
The in-side must be rich and plain:
So you, great authors, have thought fit
To make digression temper wit: 40
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm 'em with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And furbelow the plain discourse.
Richard, quoth Matt, these words of thine 45
Speak something sly and something fine,
But I shall e'en resume my theme,
However thou may'st praise or blame.
As people marry now and settle,
Fierce love abates his usual mettle; 50
Worldly desires and household cares
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
'n larger compass Alma ranges:

This day below, the next above, 55
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in Town,
And country seat near Bansted Down;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods and duns his debtors; 60
In th' other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid:
For story and experience tell us 65
That man grows cold and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And her's to domineer at home. 70
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below;
But, in the breast encamp'd, prepares 75
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure: 80
The woman finds it all a trick
That he could swoon when she was sick,

And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-eyed Susan for his second.
Thus having strove some tedious years, 85
With feign'd desires and real fears,
And tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher ſtation. 90
Poltis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,
I think was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy, while Poltis sate 95
In quiet governing his ſtate.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife.—
With ease I could compose this strife: 100
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want, a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope? 105
he may as well from him elope.
gain, How can her old good man
'ith honour take her back again?
m hence I logically gather
woman cannot live with either.

May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war; 87
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd:
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast that plate was us'd to, 1
Had an ally right arm to trust to;
And by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confess'd
That there his eye took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?
Objections to my gen'ral System
May rise, perhaps, and I have miss'd 'em;

And when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny 140
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, Sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede, 145
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Op'ning again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away, 150
To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends. 155
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, tho' warm, decides more slow,
Than th' other executes the blow:
A stander-by may chance to have it, 160
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The am'rous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below;
For long before the 'squire and dame
Have tête-à-tête relieve'd their flame 165
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,

Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And if he sees is sure to greet her,
Tho' at sash-window, on the stairs, 170
At court, nay (authors say) at pray'rs.—
The fun'ral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war; 175
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd:
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast that plate was us'd to, 180
Had an ally right arm to trust to;
And by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confess'd
That there his eye took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame, 185
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?
Objections to my gen'ral System
May rise, perhaps, and I have miss'd 'em;
But I can call to my assistance 190
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion;
That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail; 195

If neither side turn down or up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang ev'n,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.
This, Richard, is a curious case: 200
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale;
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice; 205
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink,
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A or B, 210
As lines and angles best agree;
Your sense resolv'd impels your will;
She guides your hand so drink your fill.
Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers sway'd? 215
Her tallies useless lie and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle;
But forc'd from this unactive state,
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear 'em clatter, 220
And judge of right and left hand matter.
Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice must take its course.

[illegible]
And printed on the am'rous breast.
O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth;
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web, and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That Love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,
And softly drawing back the veil,

Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides;
She dwells in Nicholini's tongue, 255
When Pyrrhus chants the heav'nly song;
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand;
Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone; 260
And void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Thro' the soft sex again she ranges,
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes:
Fair Alma, careless and serene, 265
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen,
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again, fair Alma sits confest
On Florimel's experter breast, 270
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows;
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd, 275
Fair Alma plays about her waist;
And when the swelling hoop sustains,
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of *the large* round herself the centre. 280

Again; that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of Nature)
Which most did Alma's passion move,
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the am'rous breast.
O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth;
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
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He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That Love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,
And softly drawing back the veil,
The gods shall to his vot'ries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloïsa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.
Next, Dick as youth and habit sways,
A *hundred* gambols Alma plays.

If, whilst a boy, Jack runs from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole, 310
Tho' gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire side he starts the hare:
And turns her in his wicker chair,
His feet, however lame, you find, 315
Has got the better of his mind.

If, while the Mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg,
Old Madge bewitch'd, at sixty one
Calls for Green Sleeves, and jumping Joan. 320
In public mask or private ball,
From Lincoln's-Inn to Goldsmith's-Hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with 'prentices and judges;
In vain her children urge her stay, 325
And age or palsy bar the way:
But if those images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She still reviews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between; 330
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her headknot cherry,
O'erheated with ideal rage,
She cheats her son to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young, 335
Slipt up too soon into his tongue,

Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still:
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it he'll confute:
Change sides, and you increase your pain
For he'll confute you back again:
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong;
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse
To plead bad causes down to worse:
As dames who native beauty want,
Still uglier look the more they paint.
Again; if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desp'rate case,

Till death shall bring the kind relief. 365
We must be patient or be deaf.
  You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick;
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental pow'rs: 370
Describ'd our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation;
And, lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;
From whence, as fast as she was able, 375
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.
  But we'll descant on gen'ral Nature;
This is a system not a satire. 380
  Turn we this globe, and let us see
How diff'rent nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps, in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste 385
The soils thro' which it rose and past
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.
One people from their swaddling-bands
Releas'd their infants feet and hands: 390
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk;
There Alma settled in the tongue, 395
And orators from Athens sprung.
Observe but in these neighb'ring lands
The diff'rent use of mouth and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes. 400
In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats,
Which for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view; 405
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches. 410
In our fantastic climes the fair,
With cleanly powder dry their hair,
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flow'rs their mingled odours shed:
Your nicer Hottentots think meet 415
With guts and tripe to deck their feet;
With downcast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love; 420

And if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.
  We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white;
And ev'ry saucy ill-bred fellow, 425
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet
Except their snaggs are black as jet:
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, iv'ry teeth. 430
  At Tonquin if a prince should die,
(As Jesuits write who never lie)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his fun'ral fire, 435
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.
  Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest. 440
Prince Giolo and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within:
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great, 445
As each excels in birth or state;
His oylet-holes are more and ampler;
The king's own body was a sampler.

Happy the climate where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show ; 450
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.
Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear :
Before you see, you smell your toast, 455
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes.
How sleek their skins ! their joints how easy !
Their slovens only are not greasy, 460
I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding ;
Begin we in our children's reading.
To Master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread,
And that the child may learn the better, 465
As he can name he eats the letter ;
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells and gnaws from left to right.
But shew a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun, 470
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis* :
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.
An equal instance of this matter 475
Is in the manners of a daughter.

In Europe if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should ere a wife become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse. 480
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
(Look in his index for Pagelli)
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly longboat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land, 485
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care:
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted, 490
And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.
Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea she slips away, 495
And what to do we need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men;
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul,
First drank, then water'd in the bowl, 500
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace—
To close this point we need not roam
For instances so far from home.

What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o' the hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve. 510
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then good Pope at home to stay,
Nor westward, curious, take thy way;
Thy way, unhappy, shouldst thou take 515
From Tiber's bank to Leman-lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost: thy town is gone;
No longer Rome but Babylon. 520
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
But need we, Friend, insist on this,
Since in the very Cantons Swiss
All your philosophers agree, 525
And prove it plain that one may be
A heretic or true believer,
On this or th' other side a river.
Here with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick. 530
The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,

Continu'd: Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky;
Cast it by day-light on the strand 535
Which compasses fair Albion's land;
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into these common-places look,
Which from great authors I have took, 540
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected:
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read:
For standing ev'ry critic's rage, 545
I safely will to future age
My System, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite and death.

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his twofold hedge of teeth.
Now if this phrase too harsh be thought, 5
Pope, tell the world 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.
As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first because they're pleasing, 10

Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft' repeating they believe 'em;
Or as, again, those am'rous blades
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Tho' at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire,
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door,
But by the flatt'ring glass of Nature
Viewing themselves in Cakebread's feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport.

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares;
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure,
Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget;
And pleas'd to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true:
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew; Friend, as far as I,
Thro' Art or Nature cast my eye, 40
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach and th' other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his list'ning scholars stand, 45
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres, 50
Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Descart his subtile matter, 55
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force? 60
How could our chymic friends go on
To find the philosophic stone,
If you more pow'rful reasons bring
To prove that there is no such thing?
Your chiefs in sciences and arts 65
Have great contempt of Alma's parts:

They find she giddy is or dull,
She doubts if things are void or full;
And who should be presum'd to tell
What she herself should see or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Tho' she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must;
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay, farther yet they make her go,
In doubting if she doubts or no.
Can syllogism set things right?
No; majors soon with minors fight;
Or, both in friendly concert join'd,
The consequence limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him how much she knows;
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended;
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.
From the account the loser brings,
The conj'ror knows who stole the things.
'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning men?
Dear Dick, quoth Matt, let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse:
I tell thee this is Alma's case.
Still asking what some wise man says,

Who does his mind in words reveal, 95
Which all must grant, tho' few can spell.
You tell your doctor that ye 're ill,
And what does he but write a bill?
Of which you need not read one letter;
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better: 100
For if you knew but what you take,
Tho' you recover he must break.
Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent sects.
Substance or accident divides 105
All Europe into adverse sides.
Now as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause,
In philosophic matters so
Your judgment must with others go: 110
For as in senates so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.
Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haste and quick surprise, 115
From ev'ry leaf that stirs she flies,
Till mingled with the neighb'ring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd,
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue if they dare lead; 120
As their example still prevails,
She 'tempts the stream or leaps the pales.

He, then, quoth Dick, who by your rul
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;
As party-man who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but whimsical at best.
Now, by your favour, Master Matt,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be listed in your sect,
Who, tho' they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Matt in triumph cry'd,
So put off all mistrust and pride;
And while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise;
Be first secure, and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So Dick, adept, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick, but don't reply,
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.
When Alma now in diff'rent ages
Has finish'd her ascending stages,
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure wits.

Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various lab'rinths of the brain?
Surprise my readers whilst I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum* and *cerebellum?* 155
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater?*
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get,
And with incessant toil and strife, 160
Would keep possession during life?
I could demonstrate ev'ry pore,
Where Mem'ry lays up all her store,
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination. 165
O Friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells,
In each some active fancy dwells,
Which always is at work, and framing 170
The sev'ral follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome,
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry; 175
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour;
Each—Whilst this thesis I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.

O with the mighty theme affected, 180
Could I but see thy head dissected!
My head quoth Dick to serve your whim?
Spare that and take some other limb.
Sir in your nice affairs of System,
Wise men propose but fools assist them. 185
Says Matthew; Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace and I'll proceed.
Proceed? quoth Dick: Sir I aver
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong, 190
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive, 195
And for your friendship live and die
A Papist in philosophy?
I say whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye 200
Her seat of empire is the belly;
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise:
The strength of ev'ry other member
Is founded on your belly-timber: 205
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;

And if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught:
Your stomach makes your fabric roll, 210
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might enjoy
The strength design'd to ruin Troy,
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread; 215
But by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet;
Strange product of a cheesecake diet!
Now give my argument fair play, 220
And take the thing the other way.
The youngster who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads, till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke; 225
He pays due visits after noon,
To Cousin Alice and Uncle John;
At ten, from coffee-house or play
Returning finishes the day:
But give him port and potent sack, 230
From milksop he starts up Mohack;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So thro' the street at midnight scow'rs;
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes, 235

Of food and drink in sev'ral nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of watergruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar:
And if I take Dan Congrieve right,
Pudding and Beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.
Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,

ise gimcracks were away,
ld not swear, but Quare would say) 265
ore reduc'd and plain,
would still a watch remain;
oral orbit ceases,
stands still or breaks to pieces;
onger what it was, 270
ay e'en go sell the case.
udic'd, you scan
of this clockwork, man,
hundred movements made
ices in his head; 275
stomach's solid stroke
iis being what's o'clock.
off his rhet'ric trigger,
) more in mood and figure;
mathematic wheel, 280
gs fall, his ship stands still;
break his politic weight,
o longer rules the state.
e finer whims were gone,
, tho' plain, would still go on; 285
ie engine of digestion,
ntirely change the question.
iirs no pow'r can mend;
las! is at an end;
all this worldly bustle, 290
nsign the corpse to Russel.

Now make your Alma come or go,
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your System without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition. 295
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse
Fit for the war, or road, or course:
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod;
One fault he had, a fault indeed; 300
And what was that? the horse was dead.

Dick from these instances and fetches
Thou mak'ſt of horses, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Matt, to me thou seem'st to mean
That Alma is a mere machine: 3
That telling others what's o'clock,
[illegible] knows not what herself has struck,
[illegible] the trial

Where mind ('tis for the author's fame) 320
That Matthew call'd and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt,
Poets find gods to help 'em out.
Friend Richard, I begin to see
That you and I shall scarce agree. 325
Observe how oddly you behave;
The more I grant the more you crave:
But Comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We System-makers can sustain 330
The thesis which you grant was plain,
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In case the thing before was easy:
But in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke; 335
And when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride, 340
And false to all the world beside.
That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down that he stood still. 345
And he who reading on the heart
(When all his quodlibets of art

Chrysippus, rolled by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.
And Malbranche has an odd conceit
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess, at least, may gather
Something which may be both or neither.
(Faith, Dick, I must confess 'tis true
But this is only *entre nous*)
That many knotty points there are
Which all discuss but few can clear;
As Nature slyly had thought fit,
For some by-ends to cross-bite wit:
Circles to square, and cubes to double

Yet still unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our System still renew,
And prove things likely, tho' not true.
I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute, 380
By dint of logic strike thee mute;
With learned skill now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield, or what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd: 385
Yet that you *hic et nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To show thee I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own— 390
So most philosophers have done)
It makes my System more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear Friend,
But bring thy matters to an end. 395
I find quoth Matt, reproof is vain;
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore,
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes.
A huge fat man in country-fair
Or city-church, (no matter where)

Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord save us! why do people press!
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd; plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push or to exclaim;
You make the very crowd you blame.
Says Dick, Your moral does not need
The least return so e'en proceed:
Your tale howe'er apply'd was short:
So far at least I thank you for't.
Matt took his thanks and in a tone
More majesterial thus went on.
Now Alma settles in the head,
is has before been sung or said:
nd here begin

Would you be warmer if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And if two boots keep out the weather,
Why need you have two hides of leather? 435
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence ev'ry string at first was cut?
When Rarus shows you his Cartone, 440
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost, 445
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.
What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict enquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet, 450
And perfect all his Roman set?
'Tis found: and, O, his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak;
He now begins upon the Greek. 455
These rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
Remain *obscure* as in their urns.
My copper lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought,

Yet wisely melted down my plate, 460
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Greg'ry make a paper kite, 465
And simple odes, too many, show ye
My servile complisance to Cloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick; such truths are worth receiving: 470
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes,
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature, 475
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting.
Thy pride of being great and wise,
I do but mention to despise:
I view with anger and disdain 480
How little gives thee joy or pain:
A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't;
E'en a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time, 485
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Tho' flown it ne'er looks back again;

And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought:
Happy result of human wit! 490
That Alma may herself forget.
Dick, thus we act, and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What if he gain'd he could not use; 495
And th' other fondly hopes to see
What never was nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride, 500
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that with extreme surprise
We find ourselves at sixty wise,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one, 505
Whilst, as my System says, the Mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd;
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks, 510
My poem would be too prolix:
For could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes? 515

A Jessica! King-fisher and wife,
After long troubles and great adding,
Pass, I wish this, calm jumping,
Save enough to make them much as enough
To Man, now to joy or grief
Superior, find her late unlikely
Weary, and being high or great,
And, adding in her their of some,
Strain'd, and worn out with endless chat,
Of Will this, this, and Nan and that,
She finds, poor thing, some little much,
Which nature for, by time must make,
Then, which she wings her desire'd way;
Upward the stars and down frogs clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Her place, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, all this for appears,
Which must drain our hopes and fears,
Would fortune-tells her powers rage,
And, give us playthings for our age;
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she in friendship peace and plenty
Spin out our years to four times twenty,
And should we both in this condition,
Have conquer'd love and worse ambition
(Else these two passions by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play)

that fav'rite walk
a hand had whilom planted, 550
ith all we thought we wanted;
hen, one cross reflection
' grove and my collection :
s e'er that may die,
uncouth heir supply, 555
othing else be known,
that thou hast done.
igs shall he remember,
to fell the timber ?
of thy woods remain, 560
hat threw the main ?
time and death remove

May think books best as richest bound:
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and, for the mettle,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle——
Tir'd with these thoughts—less tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick with your philosophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago as well as you;
And if Fate spins us longer years,
Or in a hasty to take the shears,
I know we must: both fortunes try,
And now our evils wet or dry,
Nor if the goddess smile or frown,
Shall we shall eat or white or brown.

For Plato's fancies what care I ? 600
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say ?
E'en let him of Ideas speak
To Heathens in his native Greek : 605
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
Dear Drift*, to set our matters right, 610
Remove these papers from my sight ;
Burn Matt's Descart and Aristotle,
Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.

* Adrian Drift, Esq. Mr. Price's secretary and Executor.

THE NUT-BROWN MAI

A POEM.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SIN

Be it right or wrong, these men among
On woman do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vaine,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man againe:
For lete a man do what he can,
Ther favour to attayne;
Yet yf a new do them pursue,
Ther furst trew lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought 10
He is a banishyd man.
I say not nay, but that all
It is [illegible]

Than betweene us lettens discusse, 25
What was all the maner
Between them too: we wyl also
Telle all the peyne and fere
That she was in. Now I begynne,
So that ye me answere. 30
Wherefore all ye that present be
I pray ye give an eare.

MAN. I am the knyght, I come by nyght
As secret as I can,
Saying, alas! thus standeth the case, 35
I am a banishyd man.

WOM. And I your wylle for to fulfylle
In this wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shew, in wordis fewe,
That men have an ill use, 40
(To ther own shame) women to blame,
And causelese them accuse:
Therefore to you I answere now,
Alle women to excuse.
Myn own herte dere, with you what chere, 45
I pray you telle anone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. It stondeth so; a dede is do,
Wherefore moche harm shall growe; 50
My desteney is for to dey
A shameful deth I trowe;

As Brentford kings discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping;
So Alma now to joy or grief 520
Superior, finds her late relief;
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state,
Stunn'd and worn our with endless chat,
Of Will did this, and Nan said that, 525
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which nature forc'd by time must make,
Thro' which she wings her destin'd way;
Upward she soars and down drops clay;
While some surviving friend supplies 530
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us playthings for our age; 535
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she in friendship peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty,
And should we both in this condition, 540
Have conquer'd love and worse ambition;
(*Else these two* passions by the way,
[illegible]us scurvy play)

Then, Richard, then should we set down,
Far from the tumult of this Town; 545
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books, complete;
Or should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that fav'rite walk
Which thy own hand had whilom planted, 550
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted;
Yet then, e'en then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove and my collection:
Thy son and his e'er that may die,
And time some uncouth heir supply, 555
Who shall for nothing else be known,
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs shall he remember,
That is in haste to fell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain, 560
Except the box that threw the main?
Nay, may not time and death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my Coz Tom, or his Coz Mary
Who hold the plough or skim the dairy) 565
My fav'rite books and picture sell
To Smart, or Doily, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set their price upon the bigger?
Those that could never read their grammar, 570
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,

Or ellis to flee: the one must be,
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe, as an outlawe, 55
And take me to my bowe.
Wherefore adew, my owne herte trewe,
None other red I can;
For I must to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man. 60

WOM. O Lord! what is this worldis blysse,
That chaungeth as the mone?
My somer's day, in lusty May,
Is derked before the none.
here you saye farewell: nay, nay, 65
We departe not soo sone
Why say ye so? wheder wyl ye goe?

And thus I do, and pray you too,
As hertely as I can;
For I muste to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.
WOM. Now sythe that ye have shewed to me 85
The secret of your mynde,
I shal be plaine to you againe,
Lyke as ye shal me fynde.
Sythe it is so that ye wyl goe,
I wol not leve behynde: 90
Shal never be sayd the Nut-brown Mayde
Was to her love unkynde.
Make you redy, for so am I,
Altho' it were anone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde, 95
I love but you alone.
MAN. Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyl think and sey;
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde
That ye be gone away: 100
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyte
Noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me 105
Be called an ylle woman,
Yet wold I to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Tho' it be songe of olde and yonge
That I shuld be to blame, 110
Theirs be the charge that speke so large
In hurting of my name:
For I wyll prove that feythful love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your distress and hevyness 115
To parte wyth you the same,
And sure all thoo that doo not so,
Trewe lovers are they none;
But in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone. 120

MAN. I counsel you, remember how
It is noo mayden's lawe
Nothing to dought, but to renne out
To wyve is with an outlawe.

To com on fote to hunte and shote,
To gete us mete in store:
For so that I your company
May have, I ask noo more: 140
From which to parte, it makith myn herte
As colde as ony stone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. For an outlawe, this is the lawe, 145
That men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee, hanged to bee,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What resons coude ye finde? 150
For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe
Shuld drawe for fere behynde.
And noo merveyle; for lytel avayle
Were in your council than:
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe, 155
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Full well knowe ye that women be
But febyl for to fyght:
Noo womanhede it is in deede,
To bee bold as a knyght: 160
Yet in such fere yf that ye were
With enemys day and nyght,
I wolde withstonde wyth bowe in honde,
To greve them as I myght;

And you to save, as women have 165
From dethe many one;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yet take gude hede! for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustein 170
The thorney weyes, the deep valeis,
The snowe, the frost, the reyn;
The cold, the hete; for drye, or wete,
We must lodge on the playn,
And us above noon other rofe, 175
But a brake, bush, or twayne,
Which sone shulde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladely than,
That I had to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man. 180

WOM. Sythe I have here been partynere
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your woo
Endure, as reson is:
Yet I am sure of one plesure, 185
And, shortly, it is this,
That where ye bee, mee seemeth, par-dy
I could not fare amyss.
Without more speche I you beseche
That we were soon a-gone; 190
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shal no mete be for to gete, 195
Nor drink, bere, ale, ne wine;
Ne shetis clene, to lye betweene,
Made of thred and twyne,
Noon other house but levys and bowes,
To kever your head and myn. 200
O myn herte swete, this ylle dyet
Shuld make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Among the wylde dere, such an archier
As men say that ye bee, 206
We may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plente:
And watir cleere of the ryvere
Shal be full swete to me, 210
With whiche in hele, I shal right wele
Endure, as ye shal see,
And er we goe, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For in my minde, of al mankynde, 215
I love but you alone.

MAN. Loo! yet before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyl go with me;
As cute your here up by your ere,
Your curtel by the knee;

[illegible] marynne,
Do it shortly as ye can;
Ellis wyl I to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.
WOM. I shall as now do more for
Than longeth to womanhede;
To short my here, a bow to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my sweet moder, before al other,
For you have I most drede;
But now adew, I must ensue,
Where Fortune duth me lede.
All this make ye, and lete us flee,
The day run fast upon;
For in my mynde of al mankynde,
I love but [illegible]

It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde,
And so is a woman; 250
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede
Such wordis to say bee me;
For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayd, 255
Er I you lovid, par-dy;
And though that I of auncestry
A baron's daughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squyer of low degree; 260
And ever shal, what so befalle,
To dey therefore anone;
For in my minde, of al mankinde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. A baron's childe to be begyled, 265
It were a cursed dede:
To be felawe with an outlawe,
Almighty God forbede!
Yt bettyr were the pore squyer
Alone to forrest spede, 270
Than ye shal saye another daye.
That by that wycked dede
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore good mayde,
The best rede that I can,
Is that I to the grene wode goe, 275
Alone, a banyshyd man.

WOM. Whatsoever befalle, I never
Of this thing you aphraid;
But yf ye go and leve me so,
Then have ye me betraid.
Remember ye wele how that ye dele;
For yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde
Your love, the Nut-brown Mayde,
Trust me truely, that I shal dey
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my minde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf that ye went ye shulde rep
For in the forrest now
I have purveid me of a mayde,
Whom I love more than you.
Another fayrer then e'er ye were,
I dare it well avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrot
Wyth other, as I trowe,
It were myn ese to live in pese,
So wyl I yf I can;

oo. and hundred moo,
be that one ;
ıynde, of al mankynde, 310
ɔu alone.
ıe owne dere love, I see the prove,
ynde and trewe ;
d wyfe, in al my lyfe,
: ever I knewe. 315
l glad, be no more sad,
haunged newe ;
uthe, that for your trouth,
ve cause to rewe.
yd whatsoever I sayd 320
I began !
he grene wode goe

Then were the case wurs than it was,
And I more woo begone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Ye shal not nede further to drede;
I wyl not disparage
You. God defend, syth you descend
Of so grete a lynage.
Now understande, to Westmerlande,
Whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you brynge, and wyth a rynge,
By wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can.
Thus have ye wone an erlie's sone,
And not a banishyd man.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say;
Bright Cloe! object of my constant vow, 5
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy desire she shall again be rais'd, 11
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue, 15
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand: 20
And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,

O, fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse, 25
And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent queen with ev'ry grace
That once was Emma's has adorn'd thy face,
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame which faithful Henry felt, 30
O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him be thou to me:
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove: 35
But, oh! with pity long entreated crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh; think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same, 40
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd,
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This Lord had headed his appointed bands, 45
In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply, 55
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir:
They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name; 60
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd,
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd:
Yet as when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft', in sport, his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word, 65
(As still they please who imitate their lord)
Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known,
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her charms increas'd, 70
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth. 75
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'
By public praises and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eye

In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove, 80
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit: 85
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of Force and soft effects of Art:
Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown, 90
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame,
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His 'squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes. 95
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears, 100
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey.
Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
And shews the path her steed may safest take; 105
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A fale'ner Henry is when Emma hawks;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks: 110
Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands:
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair, 115
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast. 120

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song;
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays, 125
Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise:
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear. 130

A frantic gypsey now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants,
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals;
They tell the secret first which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the ch

But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply, 140
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.
Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame, 145
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love;
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view) 150
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.
While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd, 155
And with the secret kept the love increas'd,
The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain? 160
Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.

Another love may gain her easy youth ; 165
Time changes thought, and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.
O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire. 170
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste, 175
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies opprest,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman and the force of love: 180
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r;
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail; 185
If pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail,
His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle, in a verdant glade, 191
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;

Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard
Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial Life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree, and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crow
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown, a
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd,
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note
Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote;

Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r,
And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more. 225
Now night advanc'd: the house in sleep were laid,
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way, 230
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For love, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and vallies strays,
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways, 235
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, tho' he, poor guide, is blind.
The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain 240
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain;
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes. 245
With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair: adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break:

Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man 250
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HEN. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love? 255
Hast thou now dreaded and now blest his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded and as love prevail'd,
And wept the potent god's resistless dart, 260
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms, 265
By Fortune favour'd and successful arms;
And only as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
To an abandon'd exile's endless care. 270
For me, alas! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits and dire disgrace;
For, lo! these hands in murther are imbru'd,
These trembling feet by Justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away; 275
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to ro

EMMA. What is our bliss that changeth with the moon,
And day of life that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies? 281
And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd 285
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of Love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love, 290
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indiff'rence of the Nut-brown Maid; 295
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd where'er thou lead'st to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son, 300
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HEN. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way.
And take good heed what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook; 305
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.

Reflect, that lessen'd fame is never regain'd;
And virgin-honour once, is always stain'd!
Timely advis'd, the coming evil avoid;
Better not do the deed than weep it done:
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of deep'ning love,
And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods.

EMMA. Let Emma's luckless case be false
By the rash young or the ill-natur'd old;
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures choose
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will rais
And Malice vanquish'd heighten's Virtue's
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,

Then as thy strength decays thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious Maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd;
Then to thy friend, [illegible] g'd, deny 340
Thy little useless aid, a [illegible] y;
Then wilt thou curse the [illegible] t made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd [illegible] lonely woods to rove.

EMMA. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew: 345
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire 350
More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow, 355
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou (but Heav'n avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear, 360
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Blest when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone

HEN. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain? 365
Those limbs, in lawn and softer silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching Dog-star and the bleak North-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood,
And find among the clifts no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs, 375
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)

No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide,
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide. 395
When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err) 401
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty and officious haste
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast; 405
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when at night, with weary toil opprest,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care; 411
And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend;
By all these sacred names be Henry known 416
To Emma's heart; and, grateful, let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HEN. *Vainly* thou tell'st me what the woman's car
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.

No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids, with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degress, and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garment's artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hi
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and k
Licentious, and to common eyesight free;
And with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there
Or guardian gods made innocence their care:
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends; a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pa
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their b

By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day, 455
Assist their violence and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds 460
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war, 464
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is giv'n: 470
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banish'd man, condem'd in woods to rove.

EMMA. O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates;
Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run 475
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has essay'd no danger, gains no praise. 485
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat;
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dress, 490
Condemn'd them or absolv'd them by thy test:
In comely figure rang'd, my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride 495
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,

EN. O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said? 515
O guilty error! and O wretched Maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex,
Confess thy frailty and avow thy sex: 521
No longer loose desire for constant love [rove.
Mistake, but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to

EMMA. Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords;
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame! [fame.
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung? 530
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?
Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite 536
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
Be least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?

one inward thought reveal,
ight not hear and virgins tell?
Henry, in my conduct known
hat which I must ever own,
ankind, have lov'd but thee alone?
ly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
man, and all our sex is one:
words, and fickle is our mind;
e's ritual can we ever find
to last, or promises to bind, 550
re prompted, and for empire made,
trength or cunning we invade:
n'd with rage we march against the foe,
he battle-axe and draw the bow;
r'd with passion we attack the fair, 555
e sighs and brittle vows we bear?
schood and our arms have equal use,
our conquest or delight produce.
foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
560
is boon departing Love can give.
longer true;

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right:
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair: pursu'd the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law 575
Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
More youth, more beauty. Blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame,
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
With present power compels me to her arms; 581
And much I fear from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd, 585
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide to hope that thou may'st live with her:
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows; 590
Cupid averse, rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain Maid, remove
An useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love,
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove

EMMA. Are we in life thro' one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?

Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love. 600

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant; (she may scorn the name of friend)
What she demands incessant I'll prepare; 605
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there, at least, I may approach my lord)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes 610
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;

Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her who, dying, on the wounded stone, 630
Bid it in lasting characters be known
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HEN. Hear, solemn Jove, and, conscious Venus hear;
And thou, bright Maid, believe me whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move 635
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O pow'rful Virtue! O victorious Fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe;
Receive the triumph and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth, 645
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory, in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl, him terrible in war,
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword, 650
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows,
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands. 655
And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt rise thy thoug
To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought

With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait;
Music and song shall wake the marriage day,
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy ev'ning feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn;
Succeeding years their happy race shall run, 665
And Age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold. 670

Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
(That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move

Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care. 690
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands,
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace, 695
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace,
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,
Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent. 700
Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior pow'rs,
Must mark the colour of my future hours. 705
From the events which thy commands create,
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire, 710
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;

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Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jun.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HON.

GEO. GRANVILLE,

LORD LA

WI

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For impious greatneſs vengeance is in ſtore;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten pow'r----
Fearleſs he ſees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound;
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red ſcaffold or the blazing throne;
Serenely as he liv'd reſigns his breath,
Meets Deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death----
An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name----
Place me, ye Pow'rs! in ſome obſcure retreat;
O keep me innocent, make others great!
In quiet ſhades, content with rural ſports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts;
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble eaſe,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.

IMITAT. SENEC. THYEST.

LONDON:

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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1793.

THE

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OF THE RIGHT HON.

GEO. GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,
EPISTLES,	IMITATIONS,
SONGS,	DRAMATIC POEMS,

&c. &c. &c.

The virtuous nothing fear but life with ſhame,
And death 's a pleaſant road that leads to fame.
On bones and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed:
This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honeſty!
Judge me, ye Pow'rs! let Fortune tempt or frown,
I ſtand prepar'd; my honour is my own----
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' ſchool,
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool----
What can I hope in courts, or how ſucceed?
Tigers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving Honeſty in courts we find.

VERSES TO MRS. HIGGONS.

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THE LIFE OF

G. GRANVILLE, L. LANSDOWNE.

L. LANSDOWNE was descended from an illustriou family, which traced the ry from Rollo, th first Duke of Normandy. s second son of Ber nard Granville, and grandson or the famous Sir Bevi Granville, killed at the battle of Lansdowne 164: This nobleman received the first tincture of his edu cation in France, under the tuition of Sir Willian Ellis, a gentleman, who was eminent afterwards i many public employments.

When our Author was but eleven years of age h was sent to Trinity-College in Cambridge, where h remained five years, but at the age of thirteen was ad mitted to the degree of Master of Arts, having befor he was twelve years old spoken a copy of Englis verses, of his own composition, to the Duchess o York, when her Royal Highness paid a visit to tha university.

At the time when the nation was embroiled by th public distractions, occasioned by the efforts of Kin James II. to introduce Popery, Lord Lansdowne di not remain an unconcerned spectator: he had earl imbibed principles of loyalty, and as some of his fore fathers had fallen in the cause of Charles I. he thoug *it was his duty* to sacrifice his life also for the inte

f his ſovereign. However miſtaken he might be in his furious zeal for a prince the chief ſcope of whoſe eign was to overthrow the law and introduce abolute dominion, yet he appears to be perfectly ſincere. In a letter he wrote to his father upon the exected approach of the Prince of Orange's fleet, he xpreſſes the moſt ardent deſire to ſerve the King in erſon*. This letter we ſhall inſert, but beg our reaers' patience to make a digreſſion, which will juſtify what we have ſaid concerning James II.

The genuine mark of a tyrant is cruelty; and it is with concern we can produce an inſtance of the moſt nhuman barbarity in that prince which ever ſtained he annals of any reign. Cruelty ſhould be the badge of no party; it ought to be equally the abhorrence of all; and whoever is tainted with it ſhould be ſet up to

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dence of a villain so consummately infamous; and he will, we are persuaded, be of opinion, that had his Majesty possessed a thousand kingdoms, he deserved to lose them all for this one act of genuine barbarity.

Lord Lansdowne, who did not consider, or was not then capable of discovering, the dangers to which this prince exposed his people, wrote the following letter to his father, earnestly pressing him to permit his entering voluntarily into King James's service:

"SIR,

"Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me, can no way alter or cool my desire, "at this important juncture, to venture my life, in "some manner or other, for my king and country. "I cannot bear to live under the reproach of lying obscure and idle, in a country retirement, when every "man who has the least sense of honour should be "preparing for the field. You may remember, Sir, "with what reluctance I submitted to your commands "upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity "could prevail with you to permit me to leave the "academy: I was too young to be hazarded; but, "give me leave to say, it is glorious, at any age, to "die for one's country; and the sooner the nobler sacrifice: I am now older by three years. My uncle "Bath was not so old when he was left among the "slain at the battle of Newberry, nor you yourself, Sir, "when you made your escape from your tutors to join

"your brother in the defence of Scilly. The ſame cauſe
"is now come round about again. The King has been
"miſled; let thoſe who miſled him be anſwerable for
"it. Nobody can deny but he is ſacred in his own per-
"ſon, and it is every honeſt man's duty to defend it.
"You are pleaſed to ſay it is yet doubtful if the Hol-
"landers are raſh enough to make ſuch an attempt.
"But be that as it will, I beg leave to be preſented to
"his Majeſty as one whoſe utmoſt ambition is to de-
"vote his life to his ſervice and my country's, after the
"example of all my anceſtors. The gentry aſſembled
"at York to agree upon the choice of repreſenta-
"tives for the county, have prepared an addreſs to
"aſſure his Majeſty they are ready to ſacrifice their
"lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other
"occaſions; but at the ſame time they humbly beſeech
"him to give them ſuch magiſtrates as may be agree-
"able to the laws of the land, for at preſent there is
"no authority to which they can legally ſubmit. By
"what I can hear, every body wiſhes well to the King,
"but would be glad his miniſters were hanged. The
"winds continue ſo contrary, that no landing can be
"ſo ſoon as was apprehended, therefore I may hope,
"with your leave and aſſiſtance, to be in readineſs be-
"fore any action can begin. I beſeech you, Sir, moſt
"humbly, and moſt earneſtly, to add this one act of
"indulgence more to ſo many teſtimonies I have
"*ſo conſtantly* received of your goodneſs, and be

" pleaſed to believe me always, with the utmoſt
" and ſubmiſſion, Yours," &c.

We are not told whether his father yielded t
importunity, or whether he was preſented to hi
jeſty; but if he really joined the army, it was wi
danger to his perſon, for the Revolution was eff
in England without one drop of blood.

In 1696 his comedy called The She Gallant
acted at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fie
He afterwards altered this comedy, and publiſl
among his other Works, under the title of Once
ver and Always a Lover, which, as he obſerves i
preface, is a new building upon an old foundatio

" It appeared firſt under the name of The She
" lants, and by the preface then prefixed to it, i
" to have been the child of a child. By taking it
" under examination ſo many years after, the Au
" flatters himſelf to have made a correct come
" it; he found it regular to his hand; the ſcene
" ſtant to one place, the time not exceeding the bo
" preſcribed, and the action entire. It remained
" to clear the ground, and to plant, as it were,
" flowers in the room of thoſe which were gr
" into weeds, or were faded by time; to retouch
" vary the characters, enliven the painting, retr
" the ſuperfluous, and animate the action, whe
" *appeared the* young Author ſeemed to aim at
" *than he had ſtrength* to perform."

* *General* Dict. art. *Granville*

The ſame year alſo his tragedy, entitled Heroic Love, was acted at the Theatre. Mr. Gildon obſerves, "That this tragedy is written after the manner of "the Ancients, which is much more natural and eaſy "than that of our modern dramatiſts." Though we cannot agree with Mr. Gildon that the ancient model of tragedy is ſo natural as the modern, yet this piece muſt have very great merit, ſince we find Mr. Dryden addreſſing verſes to the Author upon this occaſion, which begin thus,

> Auſpicious Poet! were thou not my friend,
> How could I envy what I muſt commend?
> But ſince 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit,
> That youth ſhould reign, and with'ring age ſubmit,
> With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
> Which dying on my brow revive on thine.

Our Author wrote alſo a dramatic poem called The Britiſh Enchanters *, in the preface to which he obſerves, "That it is the firſt eſſay of a very infant "Muſe, rather as a taſk at ſuch hours as were free "from other exerciſes than any way meant for public "entertainment. But Mr. Betterton having had a "caſual ſight of it, many years after it was written, "begged it for the ſtage, where it found ſo favour-"able a reception as to have an uninterrupted run "of at leaſt forty days." To this Mr. Addiſon wrote the epilogue. Lord Lanſdowne altered Shakeſpeare's Merchant of Venice, under the title of The Jew of

*It was called A Dramatic Opera, and was decorated at a great expenſe, and intermixed with songs, dances, &c.

Venice, which was acted with applauſe, the profits which were deſigned for Mr. Dryden, but upon tl poet's death were given to his ſon.

In 1702 he tranſlated into Engliſh The Seco Olynthian of Demoſthenes. He was returned memb for the county of Cornwall in the parliament whi met in November 1710, and was ſoon after made S cretary of War, next Comptroller of the Houſeho and then Treaſurer, and ſworn one of the Privy Co cil. The year following he was created Baron La downe of Biddeford in Devonſhire.

On the acceſſion of George I. in 1714, he was moved by that prince from his Treaſurer's place; t next year he entered his proteſt againſt the bills attainting Lord Bolingbroke and the Duke of C mond, and entered deeply into the ſcheme for raiſi an inſurrection in the weſt of England, of whi Lord Bolingbroke ſays, he was at the head, and preſents him as poſſeſſed of the ſame political fire a frenzy for the Pretender as he had ſhown in his yo for the father. Accordingly he was ſeized as a ſpected perſon, and on the 26th of September 1 was committed priſoner to the Tower, where continued till the 8th of February 1717, when was ſet free from impriſonment. Being confined *the ſame* room in which Sir Robert Walpole had be *priſoner, and had left* his name on the window, *wrote theſe lines under* it:

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene!
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard they bound and rise again.

In 1719 he made a speech in the House of Lords against the practice of occasional conformity, which is printed among his works, and among other things he says this: "I always understood the toleration to "be meant as an indulgence to tender consciences, "not a license for hardened ones; and that the act to "prevent occasional conformity was designed only "to correct a particular crime of particular men, in "which no sect of Dissenters was included but those "followers of Judas which came to the Lord's Sup-"per from no other end but to sell and betray him. "This crime, however palliated and defended by so "many right reverend fathers in the Church, is no "less than making the God of truth, as it were, in "person, subservient to acts of hypocrisy; no less than "sacrificing the mystical blood and body of our Sa-"viour to worldly and sinister purposes, an impiety "of the highest nature! which in justice called for "protection, and in charity for prevention. The bare "receiving the holy Eucharist could never be in-"tended simply as a qualification for an office, but as "an open declaration, an indubitable proof, of being "and remaining a sincere member of the Church. "Whoever presumes to receive it with any other view "*profanes* it, and may be said to seek his promotio

from Shakeſpeare.

As theſe Poems ſeem to
left off, though far unequal
an original, they may, how
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beauties in the ſucceeding a

Upon that merit alone the
commend them to the patro

THE PREFACE.

At my return, after near ten years' abſence, I found ſeveral editions had been publiſhed of Verſes and Poems, &c. under my name, but ſo maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of countenance, had not the public received them with ſuch diſtinguiſhing candour, even under all thoſe diſadvantages.

As it is plain, from their ſeveral ſubjects, that they were compoſed, for the moſt part, in the earlieſt time of my appearance in the world, I can attribute that indulgence to no other conſideration but a generous connivance at youthful follies.

So favourable a reception, however, led me, in this time of leiſure and retirement, to examine upon what foundation I had been ſo much obliged to the public; and in that examination I have diſcovered ſuch ſtrange variations from the original writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the negligence, ignorance, or conceitedneſs, of different tranſcribers from ſurreptitious copies: many things attributed to myſelf of which, by not belonging to me, it would be unjuſt to aſſume the merit; and as many attributed to others which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjuſt to leave them to the cenſure.

To rectify therefore all paſt miſtakes, and to prevent all future impoſitions, I have been prevailed upon *to give way to* this preſent publication; diſowning

whatever has been or may hereafter be publiſhed in my name, but what has the ſanction of being printed by Mr. Jacob Tonſon and Mr. Lawton Gilliver, excepting two comedies, entitled Once a Lover and Always a Lover, and The Jew of Venice, altered from Shakeſpeare.

As theſe Poems ſeem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and ſhort of ſo inimitable an original, they may, however, be permitted to remain to poſterity as a faithful regiſter of the reigning beauties in the ſucceeding age.

Upon that merit alone the Author preſumes to recommend them to the patronage of the fair ſex.

LANSDOWNE.

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

MR. WALLER TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS VERSES TO THE KING.

An early plant which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhows a genius ſo beyond his years,
A judgment that could make ſo fair a choice, 3
So high a ſubject to employ his voice,
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King! 6

VERSES

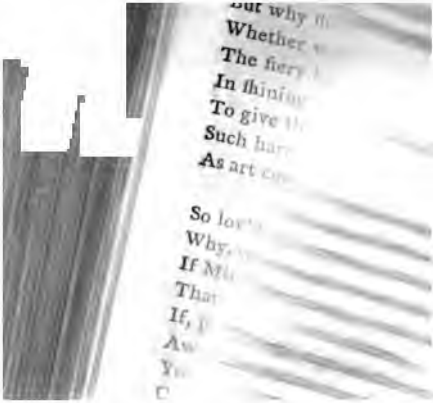
SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT.

Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgons.

I.

Why, Granville! is thy life to ſhades confin'd?
Thou whom the gods deſign'd
In public to do credit to mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors ſo many ages paſt, 5
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt
In thee, when thy victorious lance*
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of France

*At a carouſal at Paris, in the year 1689.



MISCELLANIES.

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,

Being then not twelve years of age,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

At Trinity-College in Cambridge.

WHEN, join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Defcend to view the Mufes' humble feat,
Tho' in mean lines they their vaft joys declare,
Yet for fincerity and truth they dare
With your own Taffo's mighty felf compare. 5

Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them fuch praifes as to Heav'n they give;
Their praifes for that gentle influence
Which thofe aufpicious lights, your eyes, difpenfe;
Thofe radiant eyes, whofe irreftiftlefs flame 10
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe:
They conquer for the Duke; where'er you tread
Millions of profelytes behind are led: 15
Thro' crowds of new-made converts ftill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious fhow.
Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conqueft than his arms e'er gain'd.

[illegible] glorious actio
Thinks well rewarded, bl[illegible]

TO THE IMMORT.

MR. EDMUNI

UPON HIS [illegible]

ALIKE partaking of celesti[illegible]
Poets and heroes to renown [illegible]
Till, crown'd with honour a[illegible]
By wit or valour led to equa[illegible]
They mingle with the god[illegible]
noble flame.
To high exploits the praises [illegible]
Live but [illegible]

... our for a ſecond place;
vant conſtrain'd (the writer's uſual fa
et with a plentiful eſtate;
firſt of mortals who before the tomb
ck that pernicious monſter, Envy, dum
ice and Pride, thoſe ſavages, diſarm'd;
Orpheus with ſuch pow'rful magic cha
ce in the grave can we allow him more
, living, we agreed to give before.
noble Muſe employ'd her gen'rous rage
wning virtue, ſcorning to engage
ce and follies of an impious age.
yr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
nphs and heroines, kings and gods, abou
nd arms, and love, is all

As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So ſenates to his wiſdom would ſubmit.
His voice ſo ſoft, his eloquence ſo ſtrong,
Like Cato's was his ſpeech, like Ovid's was his ſo
Our Britiſh kings are rais'd above the hearſe,
Immortal made in his immortal verſe:
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celeſtial Charles's and juſt James:
Juno and Pallas, all the ſhining race
Of heav'nly beauties, to the Queen give place:
Clear like her brow, and graceful, was his ſong,
Great like her mind, and like her virtue ſtrong.
Parent of gods! who doſt to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd, and which thy ſeat above
Waller the god of Verſe we will proclaim;
Not Phœbus now, but Waller, be his name:
Of joyful bards the ſweet ſeraphic quire
Acknowledge thee their oracle and fire;
The ſpheres do homage, and the Muſes ſing
Waller the god of Verſe who was the king.

ON THE QUEEN'S PICTURE,

GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR ANOTHER.

Or the rude Indians, artleſs and untaught,
So brighteſt jewels are with trifles bought:
Deceiv'd Ixion's fate revers'd is ſhow'd,
Imperial Juno giv'n for a cloud.

ON THE QUEEN.

When we reflect upon our charming Queen,
Her wit, her beauty, her imperial mien,
Majestic Juno in her air we find, 3
The form of Venus, with Minerva's mind:
Who was so grac'd, she, she was fit alone
With royal James to fill the British throne. 6

LOVE.

To love is to be doom'd on earth to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell.
The vulture dipping in Prometheus' side
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is love. The stone that labours up the hill, 5
Mocking the lab'rer's toil, returning still,
Is love. Those streams where Tantalus is curst
To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst;
Those loaden boughs that with their burthen bend
To court his taste, and yet escape his hand; 10
All this is love, that to dissembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief destroys. 12

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE god of Day, deſcending from above,
Mix'd with the ſea, and got the queen of Love.
Beauty that fires the world 't was fit ſhould riſe
From him alone who lights the ſtars and ſkies.
In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd, 5
The lovers' toil ſhe gratefully repaid;
Promiſcuous bleſſings to her ſlaves aſſign'd,
And taught the world that Beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair! to charm; 9
Bright be your beams, but without ſcorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expenſe of blood and empire ſought.
Beauty and love the nobleſt cauſe afford
That can try valour or employ the ſword:
Not men alone incited by her charms, 15
But Heav'n 's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan, glorioufly poſſeſt,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to Fate the reſt.
Your cold reflections, Moraliſts! forbear;
His title 's beſt who beſt can pleaſe the fair. 20
And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce deſires, diſtractions, and deſpairs
Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun, 25
And ſaw a thouſand rivals to the ſun;

Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care,
In new productions, to delight the fair.
To bright Aſpaſia Socrates retir'd;
His wiſdom grew but as his love inſpir'd. 30
Thoſe rocks and oaks which ſuch emotions felt,
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt.
Muſic and ſongs, and ev'ry way to move
The raviſh'd heart, were ſeeds and plants of love.
The gods, entic'd by ſo divine a birth, 35
Deſcend from heav'n to this new heav'n on earth.
Thy wit, O Mercury! is no defence from love;
Nor, Mars! thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove! 38
The mad immortals, in a thouſand ſhapes,
Range the wide globe: ſome yield, ſome ſuffer
Invaded or deceiv'd not one eſcapes: [rapes;
The wife, tho' a bright goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of freſh embrace.
By ſuch examples were we taught to ſee
The life and ſoul of love is ſweet variety. 45
In thoſe firſt times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleaſures, poliſhing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obſcene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the luſt of boys:
Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead, 50
And Juno, jealous, ſtorms at Ganymede.
Return, my Muſe! and cloſe that odious ſcene,
Nor ſtain thy verſe with images unclean:

Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining progreſs view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light purſue, 55
Tell how the goddeſs ſpread, and how in empire grew.

Let others govern or defend the ſtate,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and ſciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boaſted ſkill; 60
To marble and to braſs ſuch features give,
The metal and the ſtone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the ſtars and planetary way,
And trace the footſteps of eternal day:
Be this, my Muſe! thy pleaſure and thy care, 65
A ſlave to Beauty, to record the fair;
Still wand'ring in love's ſweet delicious maze
To ſing the triumphs of ſome heav'nly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a ſmile or frown
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant lover crown; 70
From Venus down to Mira bring thy ſong,
To thee alone ſuch tender taſks belong.

From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light.
Frown not, ye Fair! to hear of ſwarthy dames 75
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd:
Jewels that ſhine, in gold or ſilver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in jet. 80

Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art;
The firſt who gave recruited ſlaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more uſe than ſhow;
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught, 85
Kept love for ever flowing and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, thoſe lords of all,
Each in his turn, preſent the conquer'd ball;
Thoſe dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the light
From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her ſight: 90
Nor was her death leſs glorious than her life,
A conſtant miſtreſs, and a faithful wife.
Her dying truth ſome gen'rous tears would coſt,
Had not her fate inſpir'd "The World Well Loſt*."
With ſecret pride the raviſh'd Muſes view 95
The image of that death which Dryden drew.

Pleas'd in ſuch happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for ſome ages revel'd with delight.
The martial Moors, in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind. 100
See! in the liſts, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's ſound;
Some love-device is wrought on ev'ry ſword,
And ev'ry ribbon bears ſome myſtic word:
As when we ſee the winged winds engage, 105
Mounted on courſers foaming flame and rage,

* *All for Love*; or, The World Well Loſt. Written by Dryden.

Ruſtling from ev'ry quarter of the ſky,
North, eaſt, and weſt, in airy ſwiftneſs vie,
One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring war: 110
So when the trumpet ſounding gives the ſign,
The juſtling chiefs in rude rencounter join;
So meet, and ſo renew the dext'rous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight,
Still as one falls another ruſhes in, 115
And all muſt be o'ercome or none can win:
The victor, from the ſhining dame whoſe eyes
Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.
Thus flouriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in ſtate,
Till the proud Spaniard gave theſe glories date: 120
Paſt is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Tranſmitted ſafe in Dryden's loſty ſcenes:
Granada* loſt beheld her pomps reſtor'd,
And Almahide† once more by kings ador'd.
Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies, 125
And with bright nymphs the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
Romances, which relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and proweſs of advent'rous knights,
To animate their rage, a kiſs record
From Britain's faireſt nymph was the reward. 130
Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
Of Britiſh beauty, and ſo wide the fame,

* *The Conqueſt of Granada.* Written by Mr. Dryden.

† *The part of Almahide* performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, miſtreſs to King Charles II.

Which, like our flag upon the ſeas, gives law
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.
Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, ſtand as renown'd for love: 136
A monarch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy Roſamond, great Henry! on the ſtage
By a late Muſe preſented in our age, 140
With aching hearts and flowing eyes we view,
While that diſſembled death preſents the true:
In Bracegirdle* the perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the ſpectators ſee.
Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings 145
Thy captives, Edward! Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high deeds thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt trophy rais'd.
Thy ſtatues, Venus! tho' by Phidias' hand
Deſign'd immortal, yet no longer ſtand; 150
The magic of thy ſhining zone is paſt,
But Saliſbury's garter ſhall for ever laſt,
Which, thro' the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to ſceptres, and does crowns adorn.
If ſuch their fame who gave theſe rights divine
To ſacred Love, O what diſhonour 's thine, 156
Forgetful Queen! who ſever'd that bright head †
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?

* *A famous actreſs.*
† *Mary* Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

t thou been born a man, thou hadſt not err'd;
fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd. 160
O! what mighty magic can aſſuage
oman's envy and a bigot's rage?
we tir'd at length, Love! that delights to ſmile,
ng from ſcenes of horror, quits our iſle*:
Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone, 165
cile live, for Love and Charles were one:
Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns;
O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
ager flames, with oppoſition pent,
k out impetuous when they find a vent; 170
fierce torrent bounded in his race,
ing his way, rolls with redoubled pace;
the loud palace to the ſilent grove,
y the King's example live and love;
Muſes with diviner voices ſing, 175
ll rejoice to pleaſe the godlike king.
en Waller in immortal voice proclaims
ſhining court, and all the glitt'ring dames.
beauty, Sidney†, like Achilles' ſword.

And now, my Muſe! a nobler flight prepare,
And ſing ſo loud that heav'n and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray 185
Of heav'nly light illuminates the day,
Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muſe! nor fear to raiſe
Thy voice to her who was thy earlieſt praiſe: 190
What tho' the ſullen Fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious line?
Keep thy bright theme within thy ſteady ſight,
The clouds ſhall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlaſting day direct thy lofty flight. 195
Thou who haſt never yet put on diſguiſe
To flatter faction, or deſcend to vice,
Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as Fame.
As when our eye ſome proſpect would purſue,
Deſcending from a hill, looks round to view, 201
Paſſes o'er lawns and meadows, till it gains
Some fav'rite ſpot, and, fixing, there remains;
With equal rapture my tranſported Muſe
Flies other objects, this bright theme to chuſe. 205
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our ſight,
A monarch's pride, his glory, and delight;
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd! if verſe can give
A deathleſs name, thine ſhall for ever live;

Invok'd where'er the Britiſh Lion roars, 210
Extended as the ſeas that gird the Britiſh ſhores.
The wiſe immortals in their ſeats above,
To crown their labours, ſtill appointed Love:
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddeſs of the Sea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has thee. 215
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for ſtill thy queen is kind,
To lie but at whoſe feet more glory brings
Than 't is to tread on ſceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt, 220
Who would not give their crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was Helen half ſo fair, ſo form'd for joy,
Well choſe the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But, ah! what ſtrange viciſſitudes of fate,
What chance, attends on ev'ry worldly ſtate! 225
As when the ſkies were ſack'd, the conquer'd gods,
Compell'd from heav'n, forſook their bleſs'd abodes,
Wand'ring in woods they hid from den to den,
And ſought their ſafety in the ſhapes of men:
As when the winds with kindling flames conſpire,
The blaze increaſes as they fan the fire, 231
From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor ſpares the palace nor the loftieſt tow'rs;
Or as the ſtately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, ſhooting to the ſky, 235
If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,

Level with loweſt ſhrubs lies the tall head
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was ſpread:
So — — — — — — — — — — — — 24
But ceaſe, my Muſe! thy colours are too faint;
Hide with a vail thoſe [illegible] ch none can paint
The ſun is ſet—but ſe[illegible] irray
What hoſts of heav'nl[illegible] uit the day!
Love in a ſhining ga[illegible] 24
Triumphant ſtill, an[illegible] eads the ſtars:
Ten thouſand Loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways,
Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
Her eyes, reſiſtleſs as the Syren's voice,
So ſweet 's the charm we make our fate our choice.
Who moſt reſembles her let next be nam'd, 25
Villiers*, for wiſdom and deep judgment fam'd;
Of a high race victorious Beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.
With what delight my Muſe to Sandwich flies,
Whoſe wit is piercing as her ſparkling eyes! 25
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when ſhe of Ormond ſings,
Of radiant Ormond! only fit to be
The ſucceſſor of beauteous Offory! 26
Richmond 's a title that, but nam'd, implies
Majeſtic graces and victorious eyes.
Fair Villiers firſt, then haughty Stewart came,
And Brud'nel now no leſs adorns the name.

* Counteſs of Orkney.

)orſet already is immortal made 265
n Prior's verſe, nor needs a ſecond aid.
By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find
That beauty to no climate is confin'd.
Rupert, of royal blood, with modeſt grace
Bluſhes to hear the triumphs of her face. 270
Not Helen with St. Albans might compare.
Nor let the Muſe omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare.
Hyde Venus is, the Graces are Kildare.
Soft and delicious, as a ſouthern ſky, 274
Are Daſhwood's ſmiles; when Darnley* frowns we [die.
Careleſs, but yet ſecure of conqueſt, ſtill
Lu'ſon, unaiming, never fails to kill†:
Guiltleſs of pride, to captivate or ſhine,
Bright without art, ſhe wounds without deſign.
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart, 280

With charms ſo num'rous Mira does ſurpriſe, 290
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.
Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
O ſee another Brud'nel* [illegible] bright, 295
Born to fulfil the glorie[illegible]d,
And fix Love's empire i[illegible] divine!
Fain would my Muſe to [illegible] bend her ſight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy flight. 300
O Kneller! like thy pictures were my ſong,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil ſtrong,
Theſe matchleſs beauties ſhould recorded be
Immortal in my verſe, as in thy gallery ‖. 304

LADY HYDE

HAVING THE SMALL-POX,

Soon after the recovery of Mrs. Mohun.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts ſhow other dangers near;
Beauty 's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces kept their court;

* Lady Molyneux. † Lady Ranelaugh.

‖ The gallery of beauties in Hampton Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In her chief residence besieg'd at last, 5
Laments to see her fairest fields laid waste.
On things immortal all attempts are vain;
Tyrant Disease! 't is loss of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize,
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips and eyes: 10
Let her but live; as much vermilion take
As might a Helen or a Venus make;
Like Thetis she shall frustrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms escape. 14
The twinkling stars drop numberless each night,
Yet shines the radiant firmament as bright:
So from the ocean should we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain. 18

LADY HYDE

Unlock the ſhrine, and to the ſight unfold
The ſecret gems and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the Muſes name
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame:
A Venus and a Helen have been ſeen
Both perjur'd wive[illegible]d the queen;
In this, the third, a[illegible] laſt
Thoſe jarring attrib[illegible] chaſte;
With graces that at[illegible]ſnare;
Divinely good, as ſhe 's divinely fair;
With beauty not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatneſs eaſy, affable, and good.
Others, by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindneſs, practiſe on our hearts,
With expectation blow the paſſion up;
She fans the fire without one gale of hope:
Like the chaſte moon ſhe ſhines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

LADY HYDE*.

When fam'd Apelles ſought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,

* Afterwards Counteſs of Clarendon and Rocheſter.

To furnish graces for the piece
He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To shew how one immortal shin'd.
  Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all the train
Of goddesses, had summon'd been;
The painter must have search'd the skies
To match the lustre of her eyes.
  Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus and the new,
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

THE DESERTION.

Now fly, Discretion! to my aid,
See haughty Mira, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the sight!
She comes! she comes!—before her all
Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a destroyer fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
Sparing nor age nor sex,

Commands in chief: well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks, and eyes,
All opposition he defies.
Reason, Love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now, 15
Reason assists her too.

A wise commander he, for council fit,
But nice and coy, nor has been seen to sit
In modern synod, nor appear'd of late
In courts nor camps, nor in affairs of state; 20
Reason proclaims them all his foes,
Who such resistless charms oppose.

My very bosom-friends make war
Within my breast, and in her int'rests are:
Esteem and Judgment, with strong Fancy, join 25
To court and call the fair invader in;
My darling favourite, Inclination, too,
All, all conspiring with the foe.

Ah! whither shall I fly to hide
My weakness from the conqueror's pride? 30
Now, now, Discretion! be my guide:
But see, this mighty Archimedes too
Surrenders now;

IN PRAISI

TUNE, tune thy lyre; be
What nymph, what queer
Whose praises sing? what
Transmit immortal down
Strike, strike thy strings;
And bear it far, to all the
Pindus again shall hear, ag
And Hæmus too, as when
Of tuneful Orpheus charm
Taught oaks to dance, and

Nor Venus nor Diana will
Mira is Venus and Di

All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All, beauteous Mira! all bound up in thee.
Where Mira is, there is the queen of Love,
Th' Arcadian paſtures and th' Idalian grove.
Let Mira dance, ſo charming is her mein, 25
In every movement ev'ry grace is ſeen:
Let Mira ſing, the notes ſo ſweetly wound,
The Syrens would be ſilent at the ſound.
Place me on mountains of eternal ſnow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow; 30
Or caſt me underneath the burning line,
Where everlaſting ſun does ſhine,
Where all is ſcorch'd—Whatever you decree,
Ye gods! wherever I ſhall be,
Mira ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me. 35

THE DUCHESS OF ——

Unſeaſonably ſurpriſed in the embraces of her Lord.

FAIREST Zelinda! ceaſe to chide or grieve,
Nor bluſh at joys that only you can give;
Who with bold eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs charms
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part, 5
Joy feeds his eyes, but envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars; and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief that he was not the god:

) be caught was every god's desire;
less than Venus can Zelinda fire.
ive him then, thou more than heav'nly fair,
ive his rashness, punish'd by despair.
hat we know which wretched mortals feel
hose sad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
at they see the raptures of the blest,
view the joys which they must never taste.

MIRA SINGING.

E Syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd;
l to the mast Ulysses sail'd unharm'd:
Mira's voice entic'd his list'ning ear,
Greek had stopp'd, and would have dy'd to he
en Mira sings we seek th' enchanting sound,
bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.
it music needs must dwell upon that tongue
ose speech is tuneful as another's song!
harmony, such wit, a face so fair,
any pointed arrows, who can bear!

IMPROMPTU.

Written under a picture of the

COUNTESS OF SANDWICH, DRAWN IN MAN'S HABIT

WHEN Sandwich [illegible] we ſee,
The queen of Beau[illegible] to be;
Now fair Adonis i[illegible]ſe,
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes:
No ſtyle of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who ſeem'd the goddeſs ſeems the god of Love.

WRITTEN UNDER

MRS. HARE'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

THE gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love, prepare,
With cheerful bowls, to celebrate the fair;
Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite toaſt,
And Hare's the goddeſs that delights him moſt:
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpets ſound,
And Bacchus, in a bumper, ſends it round.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

DUCHESS OF BOLTON'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

Love's keeneſt darts are radiant Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddeſs poiſons with deſpair;
The god of Wine the dire effect foreſees,
And ſends the juice that gives the lover eaſe. 4

WRITTEN UNDER THE

LADY HARPER'S NAME.

To Harper, ſprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the roſy morn in May,
Fill to the brim, I'll drink it up,

What is that monarch but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a ſpan?
With all his guards and his dominions he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we. 2

IV.

Thoſe boaſted nam[illegible] and kings
Are ſwallow'd, an[illegible] things:
One deſtin'd perio[illegible] have,
The great, the baſe, [illegible] the brave, 24
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and paraſite together lie:
No fortune can exalt but Death will climb as high. 2

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING*.

THE princes ſat. Beauty and Law contend:
The queen of Love will her own cauſe defend.
Secure ſhe looks, as certain none can ſee
Such Beauty plead and not her captive be.
What need of words with ſuch commanding eyes?
"Muſt I then ſpeak? O Heav'ns!" the charmer cries

* King Charles II. having made a grant of the reverſion of a[illegible] office in the Court of King's Bench to his ſon the Duke of Grafton [illegible] the Lord Chief Juſtice laying claim to it, as a perquiſite legally be[illegible] longing to his office, the cauſe came to be heard before the Houſe [illegible] Lords between the Ducheſs, relict of the ſaid Duke, and the Ch[illegible] *Juſtice*.

Written in a leaf of the ſame poems, preſented to

THE PRINCESS ROYAL:

HEN we'd exalt ſome heav'nly fair,
ome bright goddeſs we compare:
erva wiſdom, Juno grace, 3
Venus furniſhes the face.
oyal Anne's bright form is ſeen
it comprehends them all—the Queen. 6

WRITTEN IN

CLARINDA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

vain, Clarinda! night and day
pity to the gods you pray:
it arrogance on Heav'n to call
that which you deny to all! 4

And, O take heed! for, if ſuch tales were true,
The gods may practiſe theſe deſigns on you:
Their heav'n and all their brightneſs they will quit
For any form that may to you admit. 10
See how the wanton bird, at ev'ry glance,
Spreads his gay plumes, and feels an am'rous trance!
Preſs'd by that hand he melts at ev'ry touch;
Preſs'd by that hand who would not melt as much?
The queen of Beauty ſhall forſake the dove;
Henceforth the Parrot be the bird of Love. 16

MIRA AT A REVIEW

OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

Let meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Mira will by thouſands kill;
Thro' armed ranks triumphantly ſhe drives, 3
And with one glance commands a thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes nor reſiſt nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die. 6

THE VISION.

In lonely walks, diſtracted by deſpair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, ſwelling with ſighs the wind,
Thro' paths untrodden day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my ſucceſsleſs love. 6

u ipon ungratefully the ion and wife.
What need I more? 'tis treafon to dif
e grant was royal; that decides the f
all vulgar laws imperial pow'r conftr
ngs and the gods can never act in vai
e finifh'd here, the queen of ev'ry gra
in vermilioning her heav'nly face:
hearts take fire, and all in tumult rife
one wifh fparkles in a thoufand eyes.
ght fome champion finifh thefe debate
word fhould end what now my pen re

e Duke of Grafton, flain at the fiege of Corke
e beginning of the Revolution.

" With proper arts their ſickly minds command, 35
" And pleaſe 'em with the things they underſtand:
" With noiſy ſopperies their hearts aſſail;
" Renounce all ſenſe: how ſhould thy ſongs pre-
" When I, the god of Wit, ſo oft' could fail? [vail
" Remember me; and 40
" How vainly merit pl[illegible] nd.
" I, by whom all things [illegible] the ſpheres,
" Create the day, and [illegible] th ſtars,
" Whoſe youth and beauty from an ages paſt [laſt,
" Sprang with the world, and with the world ſhall
" How oft' with fruitleſs tears have I implor'd 46
" Ungrateful nymphs? and, tho' a god, ador'd!
" When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
" Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, ſecure its truth?
" Here a proud nymph with painful ſteps I chaſe,
" The winds outflying in our nimble race: 51
" Stay, Daphne! ſtay—In vain, in vain, I try
" To ſtop her ſpeed, redoubling at my cry:
" O'er craggy rocks and rugged hills ſhe climbs,
" And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs, 55
" Till caught at length, juſt as my arms I fold,
" Turn'd to a tree, ſhe yet eſcapes my hold.
" In my next love a diff'rent fate I find:
" Ah! which is worſe, the falſe or the unkind?
" Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis choſe, 60
" A kinder nymph—too kind for my repoſe.

" The joys I give but more provoke her breaſt;
" She keeps a private drudge * to quench the reſt:
" How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
" Her black pollution, and reveal my ſhame. 65
" Hard lot of beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
" Or given to the falſe or to the proud;
" By diff'rent ways they bring us equal pain;
" The falſe betray us, and the proud diſdain.
" Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly, 70
" To ſeek more truth in my own native ſky.
" Venus, the faireſt of immortal loves,
" Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
" With glowing eyes, confeſſing warm deſires, 74
" She ſummons heav'n and earth to quench her fires:
" Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore
" Who neither god nor man refus'd before:
" Vulcan, the very monſter of the ſkies,
" Vulcan ſhe takes, the god of Wit denies!
" Then ceaſe to murmur at thy Mira's pride, 80
" Whimſey, not reaſon, is the female guide:
" The fate of which their maſter does complain
" Is of bad omen to th' inſpired train. [mourns,
" What vows have fail'd! Hark, how Catullus
" How Ovid weeps, and ſlighted Gallus burns! 85

* The nymph Coronis was beloved by Apollo, but at the ſame time had a private intrigue with one Iſchis, which was diſcovered by a crow.

" In melting ſtrains ſee gentle Waller bleed;
" Unmov'd ſhe heard what none unmov'd can read.
" And thou who, oft' with ſuch ambitious choice,
" Haſt rais'd to Mira thy aſpiring voice,
" What profit thy neglected zeal repays? 90
" Ah! what return? ungrateful to thy praiſe!
" Change, change thy ſtyle, with mortal rage re-
" Unjuſt diſdain, and pride oppoſe to ſcorn: [turn
" Search all the ſecrets of the fair and young,
" And then proclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy tongue;
" The ſharp detractor with ſucceſs aſſails, 96
" Sure to be gentle to the man that rails.
" Women, like cowards, tame to the ſevere,
" Are only fierce when they diſcover fear."
Thus ſpake the god, and upward mounts in air,
In juſt reſentment of his paſt deſpair. 101
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The Furies round, and dip my pen in gall:
Not one ſhall 'ſcape of all the coz'ning ſex;
Vex'd ſhall they be who ſo delight to vex. 105
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle Muſe, ſo us'd to tender love;
Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write,
Turns all to ſoft complaint and am'rous flight.
Begone, fond thoughts, begone! be bold, ſaid I, 110
Satire's thy theme—in vain again I try:
So charming Mira to each ſenſe appears,
My ſoul adores, my rage diſſolves in tears.

So the gall'd lion, ſmarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the foreſt ſound; 115
With his ſtrong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his ſide with more provoking ſmart,
Till, having ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries, 118
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

I.

Enough, enough, my Soul! of worldly noiſe,
Of ſlay pomps and fleeting joys.
What does this buſy world provide at beſt
But brittle goods that break like glaſs;
But poiſon'd ſweets, a troubled feaſt, 5
And pleaſures like the winds, that in a moment paſs?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty! ah! how vain,
And how ſhort-liv'd, thoſe glories are 10
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In duſt we no diſtinction ſee:
Such Helen is, ſuch, Mira! thou muſt be.

III.

How ſhort is life! why will vain courtiers toil, 15
And crowd a vainer monarch for a ſmile?

The written picture we applaud or blame 11
But as the due proportions are the ſame.
Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or, void of art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gigantic forms and monſtrous births alone 15
Produce, which Natu[illegible] ins to own.
By true reflection I w[illegible]
Why brings the fool a[illegible] s?
" (1) But Poetry in [illegible] ght,
" And, mounting in bold ngures out of ſight, 20
" Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors that always lie,
" And raſh hyperboles that ſoar ſo high,
" And every ornament of verſe muſt die."
Miſtake me not; no figures I exclude, 25
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care ſome happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very ſame;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn. 30
Important truths ſtill let your fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold.

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnaſſus, Pegaſus, and the Muſes, pure imagination and chimera: but being however a ſyſtem univerſally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation according to Nature ſhall be reputed as truth; but whatſoever ſhall diminiſh from, or exceed the juſt proportions of Nature, ſhall be rejected as falſe, and paſs for extravagance, as dwarfs and giants for monſters.

" O barbarous clime! where Beauty borrows aid
" From eloquence to charm or to perſuade!
" Will Diſcord never leave, with envious Care,
" To raiſe debate? But Diſcord governs here. 10
" To Juno Pallas wiſdom, fame, and pow'r,
" Long ſince preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
" Confeſs'd to fight, three goddeſſes deſcend
" On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;
" Nobly they bid, and laviſhly purſue 15
" A gift that only could be Beauty's due.
" Honours and wealth the gen'rous judge denies,
" And gives the triumph to the brighteſt eyes.
" Such precedents are numberleſs: we draw
" Our right from cuſtom; cuſtom is a law: 20
" As high as heav'n, as wide as ſeas or land,
" As ancient as the world, is our command.
" Mars and Alcides would this plea allow;
" Beauty was ever abſolute till now.
" It is enough that I pronounce it mine, 25
" And, right or wrong, he ſhould his claim reſign.
" Not bears nor tigers ſure ſo ſavage are
" As theſe ill-manner'd monſters of the bar.
" Loud Rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine *,
" Whoſe matchleſs form, to counterbalance mine, 30

* A report ſpread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the Lord *Chief Juſtice*, who would appear at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, *and eclipſe* the charms of the Ducheſs of Grafton. No ſuch lady *was ſeen there*, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

" By dint of beauty shall extort your grace:
" Let her appear, this rival, face to face;
" Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this strife decide:
" Now when I lighten let her beams be try'd.
" Was 't a vain promise and a gownman's lie? 35
" Or stands she here unmark'd when I am by?
" So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elis round
" Another Jupiter was said to sound;
" On brazen floors the royal actor tries
" To ape the thunder rattling in the skies; 40
" A brandish'd torch, with emulating blaze,
" Affects the forky lightning's pointed rays:
" Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
" Thro' crowds of worshippers, and acts the god.
" The fire Omnipotent prepares the brand 45
" By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand,
" Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
" And in the vast abyss confounds the mimic Jove.
" Presumptuous Wretch! with mortal art to dare
" Immortal pow'r, and brave the Thunderer. 50
" Cassiope preferring, with disdain,
" Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain:
" The daughter, for the mother's guilty scorn,
" Is doom'd to be devour'd: the mother's borne
" Above the clouds, where, by immortal light 55
" Revers'd, she shines, expos'd to human sight.
" And to a shameful posture is confin'd,
" A an eternal terror to mankind.

" Did thus the gods ſuch private nymphs reſpect,
" What vengeance might the queen of Love expect!
" But grant ſuch arbitrary pleas are vain, 61
" Wav'd let them be; mere juſtice ſhall obtain.
" Who to a huſband juſtlier can ſucceed
" Than the ſoft partner of his nuptial bed?
" Or to a father's right lay ſtronger claim 65
" Than the dear youth in whom ſurvives his name?
" Behold that youth, conſider whence he ſprings,
" And in his royal veins reſpect your kings;
" Immortal Jove upon a mortal ſhe
" Begat his ſire; ſecond from Jove is he. 70
" Well did the father blindly fight your cauſe,
" Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,
" If by thoſe laws, for which he loſt his life *,
" You ſpoil ungratefully the ſon and wife.
" What need I more? 'tis treaſon to diſpute: 75
" The grant was royal; that decides the ſuit.
" Shall vulgar laws imperial pow'r conſtrain?
" Kings and the gods can never act in vain."
She finiſh'd here, the queen of ev'ry grace!
Diſdain vermilioning her heav'nly face: 80
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult riſe,
And one wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand eyes.
O might ſome champion finiſh theſe debates,
My ſword ſhould end what now my pen relates!

* *The Duke of Grafton*, ſlain at the ſiege of Corke in Ireland *about the Beginning* of the Revolution.

Upraised the Judge, on each side bending low, 85
A crafty smile accompanies his bow;
Ulysses-like, a gentle pause he makes,
Then, raising by degrees his voice, he speaks.
" In you, my Lords, who judge, and all who hear,
" Methinks I read your wishes for the fair: 90
" Nor can I wonder; even I contend
" With inward pain, unwilling to offend;
" Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a defence
" That may displease such heav'nly excellence.
" Might we the laws on any terms abuse, 95
" So bright an influence were the best excuse.
" Let Niobe's * just fate, the vile disgrace
" Of the Propœtides' † polluted race,
" Let death, or shame, or lunacy, surprise
" Who dare to match the lustre of those eyes. 100
" Aloud the fairest of the sex complain
" Of captives lost, and loves invok'd in vain;
" At her appearance all their glory ends,
" And not a star but sets when she ascends.
" Where Love presides still may she bear the prize,
" But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes: 106

* Niobe, turned into a stone for presuming to compare herself with Diana.

† Propœtides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open prostitution, and afterwards turned into stone.

Mordaunt, tho' once her ſlave, insults the fair
Whoſe fetters 'twas his pride in youth to wear. 160
So Lucifer revolted brav'd the Power
Whom he was wont to worſhip and implore:
Like impious is their rage who have in chaſe
A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
But Rocheſter, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe, 165
Asserts the goddeſs with the charming eyes:
And, O! may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lies;
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries: 170
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when ſome image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his object his deſign;
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame, 5
But as the juſt reſemblance ſpeaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are [ſhown,
And Nature fits the object to be drawn;

The written picture we applaud or blame 11
But as the due proportions are the same.
Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or, void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone 15
Produce, which Nature, shock'd, disdains to own.
By true reflection I would see my face;
Why brings the fool a magnifying-glass?
" (1) But Poetry in fiction takes delight,
" And, mounting in bold figures out of sight, 20
" Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors that always lie,
" And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
" And every ornament of verse must die."
Mistake me not; no figures I exclude, 25
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn. 30
Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold.

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnassus, Pegasus, and the Muses, pure imagination and chimera: but being however a system universally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation according to Nature shall be accepted as truth; but whatsoever shall diminish from, or exceed the just proportions of Nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass for extravagance, as dwarfs and giants for monsters.

Ladies and beaus to pleaſe is all the taſk,
But the ſharp critic will inſtruction aſk.

(2) As veils tranſparent cover, but not hide
Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the phraſe we plainly ſee the ſenſ
Truth, where the meaning 's obvious, will diſp
The reader what in reaſon's due believes;
Nor can we call that falſe which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining bounds, are yet by rules controll'd
Above the clouds, but ſtill within our ſight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring fl

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a Li is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though t ral ſenſe be falſe, the poet intending thereby to give his read idea of the ſtrength and fortitude of his hero. Had he ſa wolf, or that bear, this had been falſe, by pretending an ima conformable to the nature and character of a hero. *&c.*

(3) Hyperboles are of diverſe ſorts, and the manner of in ing them is different: ſome are, as it were, naturalized a bliſhed by a cuſtomary way of expreſſion; as when we ſay one is as ſwift as the wind, whiter than ſnow, or the like. ſpeaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itſelf; Martial of lewdneſs itſelf. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct o gination to truths, and have an intelligible ſignification, tho expreſſion be ſtrained beyond credibility. Cuſtom has like miliarized another way for hyperboles, for example, by in when we ſay of ſome infamous woman ſhe is a civil perſon the meaning is to be taken quite oppoſite to the letter. Th *figures are mentioned* only for example ſake; it will be un *that all others are to* be uſed with the like care and diſcretio

.... ancient Rome and Gr
irit Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next *, lik
clear our darkness, and to guide our flight
ith steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
ey give us patterns, and they set us bounds.
e Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
form'd by them we need no foreign guide:
ho seek from poetry a lasting name,
y in their lessons learn the road to fame:
let the bold adventurer be sure
t ev'ry line the test of truth endure:
his foundation may the fabric rise,
and unshaken, till it touch the skies.
om pulpits banish'd, from the court, from lov
ken Truth seeks shelter in the grove:
h, ye Muses! the

The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly, 5
And bursts, unarming in the rended sky.
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And Nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Cannibal, weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains; 6
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He gives defiance to the gaping crowd,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies, [dies.
With looks still threat'ning, mocks their rage and
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.

Let truth be the theme: some nymph divinely fair
Inspire the Muse: let truth be even there:
A painter flatter so may poets too,
But to resemblance must be ever true. 7

"(Say) The day that the world saw the Cyprian Queen
"Had like t' have ev'ry envy and thro' spleen
"The Graces in a hurry left the skies
"To have the honour to attend her eyes;
"And Love, despairing in her heart a place,
"Would needs take up his lodging in her face*."

[illegible] Venus bien qu'immortelle,
[illegible] belle,
[illegible]
[illegible] pas voir entrer dans son visage,
Voulut cependant loger sur son visage.

[illegible] of his master, by the great Corneille [illegible] as any thing can be. Let any body tr[illegible]

* Corneille.

Tho' wrote by great Corneille, ſuch lines as theſe,
Such civil nonſenſe, ſure could never pleaſe.
Waller the beſt of all th' inſpired train
To melt the fair inſtructs the dying ſwain. 80

over Waller, and he will ſee how much more naturally and delicately the Engliſh author treats the article of love than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not however be thought, by any derogatory quotation, to take from the merit of a writer whoſe reputation is ſo univerſally and ſo juſtly eſtabliſhed in all nations; but, as I ſaid before, I rather chuſe, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by inſtances drawn from their own writings, *humanum eſt errare*. I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. King of France, by way of queſtion and anſwer, which in Engliſh is verbatim thus,

Under this marble who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has ſo great a king ſo ſmall a ſtone?
Of that great king here 's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No----here he lies all----for he was all heart.

The author was a Gaſcon, to whom I can properly oppoſe no body ſo well as a Welchman; for which purpoſe I am farther furniſhed from the fore-mentioned collection of Oxford Verſes, with an epigram by Martin Llueilin upon the ſame ſubject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Beſides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very ſeat and nurſery of the Muſes?

Thus ſlain thy valiant anceſtor * did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompaſs'd round he victor flood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conqu'ring blood,

* Sir Richard Granville, Vice-admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his ſingle ſhip againſt the whole armada of Spain, conſiſting of fifty-three of their beſt men of war.

(6) The Roman wit*, who impiously divides
His hero and his gods to different sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
The adoring world still stands in his defence.
How oft', alas! the best of men in vain 85
Contend for blessings which the worst obtain?
The gods permitting traitors to succeed
Become not parties in an impious deed,
And by the tyrant's murder we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind. 90

Till all the purple current dry'd and spent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where shall the next fam'd Granville's ashes stand?
Thy grandsire's fill the sea, and thine the land.

I cannot say the two last lines, in which consists the sting or point of the epigram, are strictly conformable to the rule herein set down: the sea or shores, metaphorically, may signify nothing but fame, which is more sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea: the Welchman however must be allowed to have outdone the Gascon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at first sight; but the English strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to pass under the shelter of those daring hyperboles which, by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(7) Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be conceived that Cato, who is described to have been a man of rigid moral and strict devotion, more resembling the gods than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those gods whom he prof-sed to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that his hero was

* Lucan.

Thus forcing truth with ſuch prepoſt'rous praiſe,
Our characters we leſſen when we 'd raiſe;
Like caſtles built by magic art in air,
That vaniſh at approach, ſuch thoughts appear,
But rais'd on truth by ſome judicious hand, 95
As on a rock they ſhall for ages ſtand.

(7) Our King return'd*, and baniſh'd Peace re-
The Muſe ran mad to ſee her exil'd lord; [ſtor'd;

too righteous a perſon to accompany the divinities themſelves in an unjuſt cauſe; but to repreſent a mortal man to be either wiſer or juſter than the Deity, may ſhew the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reaſon nor religion will allow it; and it is impoſſible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine: ſucceſs implies permiſſion, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving ſide, is to make them partakers of all ſucceſsful wickedneſs; to judge right, we muſt wait for the concluſion of the action; the cataſtrophe will beſt decide on which ſide is Providence; and the violent death of Cæſar acquits the gods from being companions of his uſurpation.

Lucan was a determined Republican, no wonder he was a Freethinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden in one of his prologues has theſe two lines:

He's bound to pleaſe, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain, where he has expoſed himſelf to the critics, he was forced to follow the faſhion to humour an audience, and not to pleaſe himſelf: a hard ſacrifice to make for preſent ſubſiſtence, eſpecially for ſuch as would have their writings live as well as them-

* King Charles II.

On the crack'd ſtage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
And ſcarce could ſpeak one reaſonable word: 100
Dryden himſelf, to pleaſe a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment ſtoop to rage:
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to cuſtom, but not err'd by choice.

ſelves. Nor can the poet whoſe labours are his daily bread be delivered from this cruel neceſſity, unleſs ſome more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under ſome more impartial management than the juriſdiction of players. Who write to live muſt unavoidably comply with their taſte by whoſe approbation they ſubſiſt; ſome generous prince, or prime miniſter like Richlieu, can only find a remedy. In his epiſtle dedicatory to The Spaniſh Friar, this incomparable poet thus cenſures himſelf:

"I remember ſome verſes of my own Maximin and Almanzor "which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, *&c.* All "I can ſay for thoſe paſſages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that "I knew they were bad enough to pleaſe even when I wrote them; "but I repent of them among my ſins; and if any of their fellows "intrude by chance into my preſent writings, I draw a ſtroke over "thoſe Dalilahs of the theatre, and am reſolved I will ſettle myſelf "no reputation by the applauſe of fools: it is not that I am mor-"tified to all ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-"witted judges as I ſhould to raiſe an eſtate by cheating of bubbles: "neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle in tragedy, which is pom-"pous and magnificent; but nothing is truly ſublime that is not juſt "and proper."

This may ſtand as an unanſwerable apology for Mr. Dryden againſt his critics; and likewiſe for an unqueſtionable authority to confirm thoſe principles which the foregoing poem pretends to lay down; for nothing can be juſt and proper but what is built upon truth.

Deem then the people's, not the writer's, ſin 105
Almanzor's rage and rants of Maximin:
That fury ſpent, in each elaborate piece
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
Firſt Mulgrave roſe, Roſcommon next *, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight; 110
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They give us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide:
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name, 115
May in their leſſons learn the road to fame:
But let the bold adventurer be ſure
That ev'ry line the teſt of truth endure:
On this foundation may the fabric riſe,
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the ſkies. 120
From pulpits baniſh'd, from the court, from love,
Forſaken Truth ſeeks ſhelter in the grove:
Cheriſh, ye Muſes! the neglected fair, 123
And take into your train the abandon'd wanderer.

* Earl of Mulgrave's Eſſay upon Poetry, and Lord Roſcommon's upon Tranſlated Verſe.

THE RELIEF.

Of two reliefs to eafe a love-fick mind,
Flavia prefcribes defpair: I urge Be kind——
Flavia be kind; the remedy 's as fure;
'Tis the moft pleafant, and the quickeft cure. 4

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Deftroy'd by Knowledge, and at beft
Loft in the moment 'tis poffeft. 4

FOR LIBERALITY.

Tho' fafe thou think'ft thy treafure lies,
Hidden in chefts from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy veffel that yon' ocean ftems, 5
Loaded with golden duft and gems,
Purchas'd with fo much pains and coft,
Yet in a tempeft may be loft.
Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankleefs crew,
Priefts, pickpockets, and lawyers too, 10
All help by feveral ways to drain,
Thanking themfelves for what they gain.
The liberal are fecure alone,
For what we frankly give for ever is our own. 14

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

"WHY pines my dear?" to Fulvia, his young bride,
Who weeping ſat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "ſuch viſions break my reſt,
"The ſtrangeſt thoughts! I think I am poſſeſt:
"My ſymptoms I have told to men of ſkill, 5
"And if I would—they ſay—I might be well."
"Take their advice," ſaid he, "my poor dear
"I'll buy at any rate thy precious life." [wife!
Bluſhing ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain; 9
A doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her pain. [Tom's,
Hard preſs'd, ſhe yields. From White's, or Will's, or
No matter which, he 's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful huſband, with a kind embrace,
Entreats his care; then bows, and quits the place;
For little ailments oft' attend the fair 15
Not decent for a huſband's eye or ear.
Something the dame would ſay: the ready knight
Prevents her ſpeech—"Here 's that ſhall ſet you right, [cloſe;
"Madam," ſaid he—With that the door's made
He gives deliciouſly the healing doſe. 20
"Alas!" ſhe cries; "ah me! O cruel cure!
"Did ever woman yet like me endure?"
The work perform'd, upriſing gay and light,
Old Cornus is call'd in to ſee the fight.
A ſprightly red vermilions all her face, 25
And her eyes languiſh with unuſual grace.

With tears of joy fresh gushing from his eyes,
"O wondrous power of art!" old Cornus cries;
"Amazing change! astonishing success!
"Thrice happy I! what a brave Doctor's this!" 30
Maids, wives, and widows, with such whims oppress,
May thus find certain ease—*Probatum est.* 32

MRS. CLAVERING* SINGING.

When we behold her angel face,
Or when she sings with heav'nly grace,
In what we hear or what we see,
So ravishing 's the harmony,
The melting soul, in rapture lost,
Knows not which charm enchants it most. 6

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the Syren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true
At once find credit, and renew.
No charms like Clavering's voice surprise,
Except the magic of her eyes. 12

* Afterwards Lady Cowper.

A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

PROXIMUS et ſimilis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
Vim ſummam, ſumma cum pietate, geris;
Magnus es expanſis alis, ſed maximus armis, 3
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cöeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa Aquilam tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet. 6

ENGLISHED,

AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the Thunderer let Anna ſtand,
In piety ſupreme as in command;
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid, 3
Young Auſtria's refuge and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain ſhall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle you the thunder join. 6

A MORNING HYMN.

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton! ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love and of the Day;
Awake, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes,
And ſhew the ſun a brighter ray:
Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn; 3
He but creates the day which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to ſalute the ſkies,
Or ſleeps, or elſe ſuſpends his note,
Diſclaiming day till you ariſe.
Goddeſs! awake, thy beams diſplay,
Reſtore the univerſe to light:
When Hamilton appears then dawns the day,
And when ſhe diſappears begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
(For lovers never, never ſleep!)
Wait for the riſing of the fair,
To offer ſongs and hymns of pray'r,
Like Perſians to the ſun:
Ev'n life, and death, and fate, are there;
For in the rolls of ancient deſtiny,
Th' inevitable book, 't was noted down
The dying ſhould revive, the living die,
As Hamilton ſhall ſmile, as Hamilton ſhall fr

CHORUS.

"Awake, bright Hamilton! ariſe,
"Goddeſs of Love and of the day;
"Awake, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes,
"And ſhew the ſun a brighter ray:
"Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing mo
"*He but creates* the day which you adora."

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1683.

Or kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren ſpilt,
In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt,
If crimes which your forefathers blush'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye People! who your kings diſtreſs:
Tremble, ye Kings! for people you oppreſs:
Th' Eternal ſees, arm'd with his forky rods,
The riſe and fall of empire 's from the gods.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and maſter ſee;
Thou waſt my ſlave, thou art, or thou ſhalt be.

HER NAME.

Guess, and I'll frankly own her name,
Whoſe eyes have kindled ſuch a flame;
The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
Had ne'er been ſung had ſhe been ſeen:
Who ſet the very gods at war
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'ns 't is true!
The ſun in all his ample view

Sees nothing half ſo fair or bright,
Not ev'n his own reflected light. 10
So ſweet a face! ſuch graceful mien!
Who can this be?—'Tis Howard—or Ballenden. 12

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he ſtood gazing on her face,
Enchanted with each matchleſs grace,
Loſt in the trance, he drops the dart, 5
Which never fails to reach the heart:
She ſeizes it, and arms her hand,
"'Tis thus I Love himſelf command:
"Now tremble, cruel Boy!" ſhe ſaid,
"For all the miſchief you have made." 10
The god, recov'ring his ſurpriſe,
Truſts to his wings, away he flies;
Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
And leaves his whole artillery behind.
Princeſs! reſtore the boy his uſeleſs darts, 15
With ſurer charms you captivate our hearts.
Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
Death only can releaſe us from your chain. 18

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARMÉ.

Fable pour Madame la Princesse d' Auvergne.

CUPIDON prenant plaisir de se trouver toûjours aupres d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: comme il admiroit un jour ses graces inimitables, dans cette distraction de son ame et de ses sens, il laissa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne manque jamais de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramasse soudain, et s'armant la belle main,

"C'est ainsi," dit elle, "que je me rend maitresse de "l'Amour: tremblez, Enfant malin, je veux vanger "tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le dieu étonné, revenant de sa surprize, se fiant a ses ailes, s'echappe, et s'envole vite comme une fleche qui rend l'air, et lui laisse la possession de toute son artillerie.

Princesse, rendez lui ses armes, qui vous sont inutiles: la Nature vous a donnée des charmes plus puissants: les captives de l'Amour souvent recouvrent la liberté; il n'y a que la mort seule qui puisse affranchir les vôtres.

CHLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

Believe me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee is treasure lost:
Not all Arabia would sufficient be;
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee. 4

THE WILD BOAR's DEFENCE.

A boar who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, softening his savage eyes,
Thus, suppliant, pleads his cause before he dies.
" For what am I condemn'd? My crime's no more
" To eat a man than yours to eat a Boar. 6
" We seek not you, but take what chance provides,
" Nature and mere necessity our guides.
" You murder us in sport, then dish us up
" For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup. 10
" We lengthen not our meals; but you must feast,
" Gorge till your bellies burst—Pray, who's the beast?
" With your humanity you keep a fuss,
" But are in truth worse brutes than all of us.
" We prey not on our kind, but you, dear Brother! 15
" Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other. [strives,
" Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour
" Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands, wives,
" *By fraud or force*, by poison, sword, or gun,
" *Destroy* each other, ev'ry mother's son" 20

ms, the enemy's at hand,
a appears; ſtand to your glaſſes, ſtand;
god of Love the god of Wine defies,
ld him in full march in Laura's eyes:
hus! to arms; and, to reſiſt the dart,
with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
Bacchus! fly, there's treaſon in the cup,
ove comes pouring in with ev'ry drop;
him in my heart, my blood, my brain;
acchus! fly, reſiſtance is in vain,
ing quarter: crown a friendly bowl
ra's health, and give up all thy ſoul.

URGANDA's PROPHECY.

way of Epilogue at

a ſcene repreſenting the Queen, an
triumphs of her Majeſty's reign.

on a throne appears the martial Q
grace ſublime, and with imperial
eying round her, with impartial e
m to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall ch
to her ſide victorious Marlb'ro' ſt
ting, obſervant of her dread comm
Queen ordains, and, like Alcides, h
ys, and executes her high decree.
v'ry line of her auſpicious face
mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with ev'ry g
ngels look, and ſo, when Heav'n de
ſcourge the world to piety and pe
and Conqu'ror, hail! thee Fa
the willing world ſole arbitreſs
people are thy laws confin'd,
Britain's Queen, but guardian of
hope of all who dire oppreſſion be

So the ſun ſcorches and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.
Taught by this great example to be juſt,
Succeeding kings ſhall well fulfil their truſt; 35
Diſcord, and war, and tyranny ſhall ceaſe,
And jarring nations b ace;
Princes and ſtates, lik gree
To truſt her pow'r, f 39

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inſcribed to Lord Falkland.

I.

O FALKLAND! offſpring of a gen'rous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts in war and peace:
My kinſman, and my friend! from whence this curſe
Entail'd on man, ſtill to grow worſe and worſe?

II.

Each age, induſtrious to invent new crimes, 5
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we 're ſo improv'd in all that 's bad,
We ſhall leave nothing for our ſons to add.

III.

That idol, gold, poſſeſſes ev'ry heart;
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art: 10
Virtue is folly; conſcience is a jeſt;
Religion gain, or prieſtcraft at the beſt.

IV.

Friendſhip 's a cloak to hide ſome treach'rous end;
Your greateſt foe is your profeſſing friend;
The ſoul reſign'd, unguarded, and ſecure, 15
The wound is deepeſt, and the ſtroke moſt ſure.

V.

Juſtice is bought and ſold; the bench, the bar,
Plead and decide, but gold 's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
Who found thee firſt; all evils ſpring from thee. 20

VI.

Sires ſell their ſons, and ſons their ſires betray;
And ſenates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is reſtrain'd by ſhame,
But has the huſband's leave to play the game.

VII.

Diſeas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace 25
Succeeds, of ſpurious mould, a puny race:
From ſuch defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty, is now thy prop?

VIII.

Not ſuch the men who bent the ſtubborn bow,
And learnt in rugged ſports to dare a foe: 30
Not ſuch the men who fill'd with heaps of ſlain
Fam'd Agincourt and Creſſy's bloody plain.

IX.

Haughty Britainia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her iſle;

True to herſelf, and to the public weal, 35
No Gallic gold could blunt the Britiſh ſteel.

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert ſeen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain,
To die in purple Almanara's plain. 40

XI.

The reſcu'd empire, and the Gaul ſubdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when juſtly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim ſpeak, and witneſs Gibraltar. 44

FORTUNE:

EPIGRAM.

When Fortune ſeems to ſmile, 't is then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden miſchief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I ſtand upon my guard, 3
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my ſoul prepar'd.
Fickle and falſe to others ſhe may be,
I can complain but of her conſtancy. 6

——————Virtutem a me,
Fortunam ex aliis.——————

ON THE SAME.

IMPATIENT with desire, at last
I ventur'd to lay forms aside:
'Twas I was modest, not she chaste;
Chloe, so gently press'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear:
Say, Love! how came your slave so dull
To read no better there?

Thus, to ourselves the greatest foes,
Altho' the nymph be well inclin'd,
For want of courage to propose,
By our own folly she 's unkind.

CORINNA.

CORINNA in the bloom of youth
Was coy to ev'ry lover;
Regardless of the tend'rest truth,
No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was her's; all at her feet
Lay prostrate and [illegible]
The witty, [illegible] and great,
In vain sig[illegible]

ow grown old, ſhe would repair
ofs of time and pleaſure,
willing eyes and wanton air
ing ev'ry gazer.

ove 's a ſummer-flower that dies
the firſt weather's changing;
lover like the ſwallow flies,
fun to ſun ſtill ranging.

! let this example move
r foolith heart to reaſon:
th is the proper time for love,
age is virtue's ſeaſon.

ON THE SAME.

well Corinna likes the joy,
vows ſhe 'll never more be coy;
drinks eternal draughts of pleaſure
nal draughts do not ſuffice;
give me, give me more," ſhe crie

Noting at length the ſetting ſun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their ſpeed to reach their inn,
And whip and ſpur thro' thick and thin. 14

BELINDA.

Belinda's pride 's an arrant cheat,
A fooliſh artifice to blind;
Some honeſt glance that ſcorns deceit,
Does ſtill reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd diſdain, 5
She idly acts the ſaint;
We ſee thro' this diſguiſe as plain
As we diſtinguiſh paint.

So have I ſeen grave fools deſign
With formal looks to paſs for wiſe; 10
But Nature is a light will ſhine,
And break thro' all diſguiſe. 12

CLEORA.

Cleora has her wiſh; ſhe weds a peer;
Her weighty train two pages ſcarce can bear;
Perſia and both the Indies muſt provide
To grace her pomp and gratify her pride:

But now grown old, ſhe would repair
Her loſs of time and pleaſure, 10
With willing eyes and wanton air
Inviting ev'ry gazer.

But love 's a ſummer-flower that dies
With the firſt weather's changing;
The lover like the ſwallow flies, 15
From ſun to ſun ſtill ranging.

Mira! let this example move
Your fooliſh heart to reaſon:
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's ſeaſon. 20

ON THE SAME.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows ſhe 'll never more be coy;
She drinks eternal draughts of pleaſure;
Eternal draughts do not ſuffice;
"O! give me, give me more," ſhe cries, 5
"'Tis all too little, little meaſure."

Thus wiſely ſhe makes up for time
Miſpent while youth was in its prime:
So travellers who waſte the day,
Careful and cautious of their way, 10

Noting at length the setting sun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their speed to reach their inn,
And whip and spur thro' thick and thin. 14

BELINDA.

Belinda's pride 's an arrant cheat,
A foolish artifice to blind;
Some honest glance that scorns deceit,
Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd disdain, 5
She idly acts the saint;
We see thro' this disguise as plain
As we distinguish paint.

So have I seen grave fools design
With formal looks to pass for wise; 10
But Nature is a light will shine,
And break thro' all disguise. 12

CLEORA.

Cleora has her wish; she weds a peer;
Her weighty train two pages scarce can bear;
Persia and both the Indies must provide
To grace her pomp and gratify her pride:

Of rich brocade a ſhining robe ſhe wears, 5
And gems ſurround her lovely neck like ſtars.
Drawn by ſix grays of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaus behind,
She charms the Park, and ſets all hearts on fire,
The ladies envy and the men deſire. 10
Beholding thus, "O happy as a queen!"
We cry. But ſhift the gaudy flatt'ring ſcene;
View her at home in her domeſtic light,
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at night,
What has ſhe there? a ſurly ill-bred lord, 15
Who chides and ſnaps her up at ev'ry word;
A brutal ſot, who, while ſhe holds his head,
With drunken filth bedaubs the nuptial bed:
Sick to the heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous fume
Of odious ſteams that poiſon all the room: 20
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when ſhe may riſe;
But moſt ſhe fears leſt, waking, ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the monſter would be kind.
Thoſe matchleſs beauties, worthy of a god, 25
Muſt bear, tho' much averſe, the loathſome load.
What then may be the chance that next enſues?
Some vile diſeaſe freſh reeking from the ſtews:
The ſecret venom, circling in her veins, 29
Works thro' her ſkin, and burſts in bloating ſtains:
Her cheeks their freſhneſs loſe and wonted grace,
And an unuſual paleneſs ſpreads her face:

Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath,
Tainting her gums, infects her ivory teeth:
Of sharp nocturnal anguish she complains, 35
And, guiltless of the cause, relates her pains.
The conscious husband, whom like symptoms seize,
Charges on her the guilt of their disease,
Affecting fury, acts a madman's part;
He 'll rip the fatal secret from her heart! 40
Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand names;
In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims:
Scarce with her life she 'scapes, expos'd to shame,
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,
Rots with a vile adulteress's name; 45
Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.

Such is the vengeance the just gods provide
For those who barter liberty for pride;
Who impiously invoke the pow'rs above 50
To witness to false vows of mutual love.
Thousands of poor Cleoras may be found;
Such husbands and such wretched wives abound.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! the arbiters of bliss,
Preserve Clarinda from a fate like this: 55
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a spark too much of pride:
Reform that failing, and protect her still;
O save her from the curse of chusing ill!

Deem it not envy, or a jealous care, 60
That moves these wishes, or provokes this pray'r.
Tho' worse than death I dread to see those charms
Allotted to some happier mortal's arms,
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain: 65
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wish but for her sake alone.
Whome'er the gods have destin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched blessing her. 69

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

I.

While Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in al-
With forces united, bid resistless defiance; [liance,
By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
And her eyes by her drinking redouble their fire.

II.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour; 6
Each dart dipp'd in wine gives a wound beyond curing,
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more en-
III. [during.
Then, Phyllis! begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiss and a glass be still going round; 10
Relieving each other our pleasures are lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-tasting. 12

ON AN ILL-FAVORED LORD.

THAT Macro's looks are good let no man doubt,
Which I, his friend and ſervant—thus make out:
In ev'ry line of his perfidious face
The ſecret malice of his heart we trace;
So fair the warning, and ſo plainly writ, 5
Let none condemn the light that ſhows a pit.
Cocles, whoſe face finds credit for his heart,
Who can eſcape ſo ſmooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace that can perſuade,
Seeing, we truſt, tho' ſure to be betray'd: 10
His looks are ſnares, but Macro's cry Beware;
Believe not tho' ten thouſand oaths he ſwear.
If thou 'rt deceiv'd, obſerving well this rule,
Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point he and his looks agree,
As they betray their maſter—ſo did he. 16

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd: we play
A round or two; when us'd we throw away;
Take a freſh pack: nor is it worth our grieving
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving. 4

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

ɛɛ end my chains, and thraldom ceaſe
ɔt in joy, I 'll live at leaſt in peace.
ɛ for the pleaſures of an hour
muſt endure an age of pain,
be this abject thing no more:
ɛ! give me back my heart again.

ɔair tormented firſt my breaſt,
ɛ Falſehood, a more cruel gueſt.
for the peace of human-kind,
ce women longer true or ſooner kind
h juſtice or with mercy reign,
ove! or give me back my heart again

SENT TO CLARINDA,

WITH A NOVEL, ENTITLED,

LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOU

STE to Clarinda, and reveal
ɪtever pains poor lovers feel;
en that is done, then tell the fair

EPISTLES.

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

On his happy accomplishment of the marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess Mary d' Este of Modena. Written several Years after, in imitation of the style of Mr. Waller.

HIS Juno barren, in unfruitful joys
Our British Jove his nuptial hours employs:
So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our prospects, gallant York! in thee.
By the same wish aspiring queens are led, 5
Each languishing, to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wisdom, and his early fame,
Create in ev'ry breast a rival flame:
Remotest kings sit trembling on their thrones,
As if no distance could secure their crowns; 10
Fearing his valour, wisely they contend
To bribe with beauty so renown'd a friend:
Beauty the price, there need no other arts;
Love is the surest bait for heroes' hearts;
Nor can the fair conceal as high concern 15
To see the prince for whom, unseen, they burn.
Brave York! attending to the gen'ral voices,
At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice:

To noble Mordaunt, generous and juſt,
Of his great heart he gives the ſacred truſt. 20
" Thy choice," ſaid he, " ſhall well direct that heart
" Where thou, my beſt belov'd, haſt ſuch a part:
" In council oft', and oft' in battle try'd,
" Betwixt thy maſter and the world decide."
The choſen Mercury prepares t' obey 25
This high command. Gently, ye Winds! convey,
And with auſpicious gales his ſafety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jaſon, with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Colchos ſail'd, to ſeek the Golden Fleece. 30
As when the goddeſſes came down of old
On Ida's hill, ſo many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,
And each bade high to win him to her ſide;
So tempt they him, and emulouſly vie 35
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy:
With balls and banquets his pleas'd ſenſe they bait,
And queens and kings upon his pleaſures wait.
Th' impartial judge ſurveys, with vaſt delight,
All that the ſun ſurrounds of fair and bright; 40
Then, ſtrictly juſt, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Eſté gives the royal prize.
Of antique ſtock her high deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings.
Who could deſerve like her, in whom we ſee 45
United all that Paris found in three?

O equal pair! when both were set above
All other merit by each other's love.
Welcome, bright Princess! to Great Britain's shore,
As Berecynthia to high heav'n, who bore 50
That shining race of goddesses and gods,
That fill'd the skies, and pav'd the blest abodes:
From thee my Muse engages noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another Jesus;
Our future hopes all from the womb arise, 55
Our present joy and safety from your eyes;
Those charming eyes! which shine to reconcile
To harmony and peace our stubborn Isle.
On brazen Memnon Phœbus casts a ray,
And the tough metal so salutes the day. 60

The British dame, fam'd for resistless grace,
Contends not now but for the second place;
Our love suspended, we neglect the fair:
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So sang the Syrens, with enchanting sound, 65
Enticing all to listen and be drown'd,
Till Orpheus ravish'd in a nobler strain,
They ceas'd to sing, or singing charm'd in vain.

This bless'd alliance, Peterborough! may
Th' indebted nation bountiously repay; 70
Thy statues, for the Genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on ev'ry threshold stand. 72

———Utinam modo dicere possem
Carmina digna Dea: certe est Dea carmine digna.

TO THE KING.

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REI(

May all thy years, like this, auſpicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victor
Scarce hadſt thou time t' unſheath thy conq
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled. [b
Thy ſword, the ſafeguard of thy brother's thro
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations fe
Throughout the world to court ſo firm a frier
The guilty ſenates that refuſ'd thy ſway
Repent their crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and vows and off'rings bri
Confeſs their frenzy, and confirm their king:
Who with their venom overſpread thy ſoil,
Thoſe ſcorpions of the ſtate preſent their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dreſs'd
Altho' by daily miracles confeſs'd,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful Prince refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch terror in the ſkies,
The temple rent, their King in glory riſe,
Seiz'd with amaze they own'd their lawful Lo
And, ſtruck with guilt, bow'd, trembled, and ac

TO THE KING.

o' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
ou choſeſt not to conquer men, but hearts;
ecling nations for thy triumphs wait,
thou preferr'ſt the name of Juſt to Great.
ſove ſuſpends his ſubject-world to doom,
ich would he pleaſe to thunder he 'd conſume.
could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead
urn on earth, and quit th' Elyſian ſhade,
itus to James would truſt the people's cauſe;
y juſtice is a ſtronger guard than laws: 10
rius and Sylla would reſign to thee,
r Cæſar and great Pompey rivals be,
rivals only who ſhould beſt obey,
d Cato give his voice for regal ſway. 14

TO THE KING.

RORS of old, by rapine and by ſpoil,
ſearch of fame did all the world embroil.
as to their gods each then ally'd his name,
s ſprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.
:h equal valour, and the ſame ſucceſs, 5
ad King! might'ſt thou the univerſe oppreſs;
Chriſtian laws conſtrain thy martial pride;
ce is thy choice, and piety thy guide:
:hy example kings are taught to ſway,
oes to fight, and ſaints may learn to pray. 10

From gods descended, and of race divine,
Nestor in council and Ulysses shine;
But in a day of battle all would yield
To the fierce master of the seven-fold shield.
Their very deities were grac'd no more; 15
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore;
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's king is all the gods in one. 18

TO MR. WALLER.

In answer to Mr. Waller's verses to the Author.

When into Lybia the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and consult for fame;
When from the sacred tripod where he stood
The priest, inspir'd, saluted him a god;
Scarce such a joy that haughty victor knew, 5
Thus own'd by Heav'n, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers show
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come shall scorn the pow'rs of old,
When in thy verse of greater gods they 're told; 10
Our beauteous queen and royal James's name
For Jove and Juno shall be plac'd by fame;
Thy Charles for Neptune shall the seas command,
And Sacharissa shall for Venus stand;
Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come. 16

TO MIRA.

I.

WARN'D and made wise by others' flame,
I fled from whence such mischiefs came;
Shunning the sex that kills at sight,
I sought my safety in my flight.

II.

But ah! in vain from fate we fly; 5
For, first or last, as all must die,
So 't is as much decreed above
That, first or last, we all must love.

III.

My heart, which stood so long the shock
Of winds and waves, like some firm rock, 10
By one bright spark from Mira thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown. 12

TO MIRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

I.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like sudden death it came:
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

II.

In whom so many charms are plac'd, 5
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The case, so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

III.

To what my eyes admir'd before
I add a thouſand graces more,
And Fancy blows into a flame
The ſpark that from her beauty came.

IV.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught:
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art,
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

TO MIRA.

I.

When wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart
O Death! how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue denies;
Death, Death itſelf, like Mira flies.

II.

Love and Deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt:
No hope could be; her ſcorn was all
That to my deſtin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants that kindly heat require
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire.

That without hope 't would die as ſoon,
A little hope—but I have none.
On air the poor chamelions thrive; 15
Deny'd ev'n that, my love can live.

V.

As tougheſt trees ir[illegible] l,
And grow in ſpite [illegible] ead,
The more the temp[illegible] kes
My love, the deepe[illegible] 20

VI.

Deſpair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death, to others' love;
That poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart 2
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs ſmart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endleſs pain, and never die. 2

TO MIRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident, and kind,
In all things that excel ſome uſe deſign'd.
The radiant ſun, of ev'ry heav'nly light
The firſt, (did Mira not diſpute that right)

Sends from above ten thouſand bleſſings down, 5
Nor is he ſet ſo high for ſhew alone;
His beams reviving with auſpicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire.
The moon and ſtars, thoſe faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the ſight. 10
Plants, fruits, and flow'rs, the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholeſome uſe;
Health they reſtore, and nouriſhment they give;
We ſee with pleaſure, but we taſte to live.
Then think not, Mira! that thy form was meant
More to create deſire than to content. 16
Would the juſt gods ſo many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have form'd thee ſo above thy ſex,
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex? 20
'Tis impious pleaſure to delight in harm,
And beauty ſhould be kind as well as charm. 22

TO MIRA.

Since truth and conſtancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor ſenſe of pain,
Nor force of reaſon can perſuade,
Then let example be obey'd.
In courts and cities could you ſee 5
How well the wanton fools agree,

Were all the curtains drawn, you 'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.
  Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus and the wife of Jove, 10
Expoſing ev'ry beauty bare,
Deſcended to th' Trojan heir;
Yet this was ſhe whom poets name
Goddeſs of Chaſtity and Fame.
  Penelope, her lord away, 15
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the ſuitors ſit,
With wine provoking mirth and wit;
Then down they take the ſtubborn bow;
Their ſtrength, it ſeems, ſhe needs muſt know: 20
Thus twenty cheerful winters paſt;
She 's yet immortaliz'd for chaſte.
  Smile, Mira! then; reward my flame,
And be as much ſecure of fame:
By all thoſe matchleſs beauties fir'd, 25
By my own matchleſs love inſpir'd,
So will I ſing, ſuch wonders write,
That, when th' aſtoniſh'd world ſhall cite
A nymph of ſpotleſs worth and fame,
Mira ſhall be th' immortal name. 30

TO MIRA.

I.

So calm and so serene but now,
What means this change on Mira's brow?
Her aguish love now glows and burns,
Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles, 5
When on her pity I depend,
My airy hope she soon beguiles,
And laughs to see my torments never end.

III.

So up the steepy hill with pain
The weighty stone is roll'd in vain, 10
Which, having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils. 12

TO MIRA.

I.

THOUGHTFUL nights and restless waking,
Oh the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours, 5
What a race has Love to run!
False protesting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

III.

Still complaining and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, paſſion rending,
Oh the pangs of jealouſy!

IV.

From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah! how ſweet! could love be free;
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce immortal ecſtaſy.

TO MIRA.

I.

PREPAR'D to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my tim'rous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

II.

With the leaſt glance a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Mira's charms,
She calms my doubts, enſlaves my mind,
And all my rage diſarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her ſlave repine.

TO MIRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her ſmiles reviv'd her ſcorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not! ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies;
Approving and rejecting in a breath, 5
Now proff'ring mercy, now preſenting death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel eſtate of doubt! ah, Mira! try
Once to reſolve—Or let me live or die. 10

TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH, &c.

What charm is this, that in the midſt of ſnow,
Of ſtorms and blaſts, the choiceſt fruits do grow?
Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun yet ripen here:
On frozen ground the ſweeteſt flow'rs ariſe, 5
Unſeen by any light but Flavia's eyes:
Where'er ſhe treads, beneath the charmer's feet
The roſe, the jaſmine, and the lilies meet:
Where'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth! 10
In midſt of mountains and unfruitful ground
As rich an Eden as the firſt is found.

In this new paradise the goddess reigns
In sov'reign state, and mocks the lover's pains:
Beneath those beams that scorch us from her eyes 15
Her snowy bosom still unmelted lies:
Love from her lips s[illegible] urs round,
But hears on ice, and [illegible] ten ground.
So cold the clime t[illegible] nders bear,
The garden seems an[illegible] fair. 20

TO FLAVIA.

Her gardens having escaped a flood that had laid all the country round under water.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect
The torrent spares, and deluges respect;
So when the waters o'er the world were spread,
Covering each oak, and ev'ry mountain's head,
The chosen Patriarch sail'd within his ark, 5
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the sacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no less, we find,
The favourite of Heav'n than of mankind:
The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the fair. 10
These favours, thus bestow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage which they send her down.
O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with blessings endless as my love!

A Rom[illegible] and a Greek our [illegible]
Nor can we yet who beſt deſerv'd decide.
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes, declare:
Debates ariſe which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he 's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
Cybele the lions, Pallas has the ſpear:
Poets ſuch emblems to their gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be mine.

TO MRS. CRANVILLE

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

Love, like a tyrant whom no laws conſtrain,
[illegible] for ſome ages kept the world in pain;

Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring sight;
Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new music from her voice.
Learning and Love in the same seat we find, 15
So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.
Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,
But now descends confess'd to human eyes:
Behold in Granville that inspiring queen
Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen. 20

TO THE

COUNTESS OF NEWBOURGH,

Insisting earnestly to be told who I meant by Mira.

With Mira's charms, and my extreme despair,
Long had my Muse amaz'd the reader's ear,
My friends with pity heard the mournful sound,
And all enquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
Th' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame, 5
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So scatter'd fire from scorch'd Vesuvius flies,
Unknown the source from whence those flames arise:
Egyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound. 10
Mira herself, touch'd with the moving song,
Would needs be told to whom those plaints belong;

My tim'rous tongue, not daring to confess,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess:
Impatient of excuse, she urges still, 15
Persists in her demand; she must, she will:
If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal or to unfold,
She smiles—the goddess smiles!—and I grow bold.
My vows to Mira all were meant to thee, 21
The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets each with sev'ral names;
For Venus Cytherea was invok'd, 25
Altars for Pallas to Tritonia smok'd:
Such names were theirs; and thou, the most divine,
Most lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Mira 's thine. 28

TO MRS. HIGGONS,

Occasioned by some verses written by that lady, and sent to the Author in his retirement, 1690.

Cease, tempting Syren! cease thy flatt'ring strain;
Sweet is thy charming song, but sung in vain.
When the winds blow, and loud the tempests roar,
What fool would trust the waves and quit the shore?
Early and vain into the world I came, 5
Big with false hopes, and eager after fame,
Till looking round me ere the race began,
Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran.

Reclaim'd betimes I from the lists retire,
And thank the gods who my retreat inspire. 10
In happier times our ancestors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread.
Give me, ye Gods! but the same road to fame;
Whate'er my fathers dar'd I dare the same.
Chang'd is the scene; some baneful planet rules 15
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Consider and examine all who rise;
Weigh well their actions and their treach'rous ends,
How greatness grows, and by what steps ascends; 20
What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit;
How many crush'd to make one monster great!
Would you command, have Fortune in your pow'r?
Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour!
Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie; 25
Turn pander, pathic, parasite, or spy;
Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
A minister at least—perhaps a king.
  Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
A mistress free, who bids alike to all; 30
But on such terms as only suit the base;
Honour denies, and shuns the foul embrace.
The honest man, who starves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his virtue, keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring cause, 35
He *might have* liv'd to give new Senates laws;

An honeſt death, which he accepts, [illegible]
O glorious reſolution! noble pride!
More honour'd than the tyrant liv'd he [illegible]
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd,
Than Cæſar trampling on the rights of
The virtuous nothing fear but life with
And death 's a pleaſant road that leads

On bones and ſcraps of dogs let me b
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my h
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed
This, and all other martyrdom, for the
Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous H
Judge me, ye Pow'rs! let Fortune tem
I ſtand prepar'd; my honour is my o

Ye great Diſturbers! who, in endleſ

Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of ſtrutting pigmies, who would paſs for gods;
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' ſchool, 60
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
Who honour gen'rous Wycherley oppreſt,
Poſſeſs'd of little, worthy of the beſt;
Rich in himſelf, in virtue that outſhines 70
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthieſt lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd land, and rolls in impious gain;
What can I hope in courts, or how ſucceed?
Tigers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed, 75
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving Honeſty in courts we find.

Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free; 80
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content;
In thought or act accountable to none,
But to himſelf and to the gods alone.
O ſweetneſs of Content! ſeraphic joy! 85
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom, of the mind?
Where but in ſhades remote from human-kind,
In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace-gate.

Farewell then, Cities; Courts and Camps, farewell;
Welcome ye Groves! here let me ever dwell;
From cares, from bus'nefs and mankind, remove,
All but the Mufes and infpiring Love.
How fweet the morn, how gentle is the night! 95
How calm the ev'ning, and the day how bright!
From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in fhow!
Where fev'ral wand'rers travel day and night
By diff'rent paths, and none are in the right. 100

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

On his feveral excellent Tranflations of the Ancient Poets.

As flow'rs tranfplanted from a fouthern fky
But hardly bear, or in the raifing die;
Miffing their native fun at beft retain
But a faint odour, and furvive with pain;
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught, 5
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image and a fenfelefs draught:
While we transfufe the nimble fpirit flies,
Efcapes unfeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit defire, 10
Muft imitate with Roman force and fire,

In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius and the flame:
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong, 1
Celeſtial Poet! ſoul
That ev'ry Genius [illegible] ee.
Thy trumpet ſound [illegible] ais'd to light,
Never to die, and ta[illegible] eir flight:
Deck'd in thy verſe, as clad with rays, they ſhine, 2
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.

As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on ev'ry ſhore
For foreign wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more; 2
To her own wool the ſilks of Aſia joins,
And to her plenteous harveſts Indian mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own Works, tho' an immortal name,
To lands remote ſends forth his learned Muſe, 3
The nobleſt ſeeds of foreign wit to chuſe.
Feaſting our ſenſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is 't thy bounty, or thy thirſt of praiſe?
That, by comparing others, all might ſee
Who moſt excell'd are yet excell'd by thee. 3

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

Upon the bombardment of the town of Granville in Normandy by the English fleet.

THO' built by gods, consum'd by hostile flame
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And so shall thine, tho' with these walls were lost
All the records our ancestors could boast.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus slain, 5
Æneas lives, tho' not one stone remain
Where he arose. Nor art thou less renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.
Those arms* which, for nine centuries, had brav'd
The wrath of Time, on antique stone engrav'd, 10
Now torn by mortars, stand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd:
Safe on thy Eagle's† wings, they soar above
The rage of war or thunder to remove,
Borne by the bird of Cæsar and of Jove. 15

* The Granville arms, still remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

† He was created a Count of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever upon the breast of the Imperial Spread Eagle.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON ſick! in ev'ry face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,
Whoſe art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge or the general fire.
More lives he ſaves than periſh in our wars, 5
And faſter than a plague deſtroys repairs:
The bold carouſer and advent'rous dame
Nor fear the fever nor refuſe the flame:
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraint ſet free
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, or piety. 10
Sire of all arts*! defend thy darling ſon;
O! ſave the man whoſe life 's ſo much our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world 's reclin'd,
And by reſtoring Garth preſerve mankind. 14

* Apollo, god of Poetry and Phyſic.

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

Two warrior chiefs* the voice of Fame divide,
Who beſt deſerv'd not Plutarch could decide;
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes, declare;
Debates ariſe which captivates us moſt, 5
And none can tell the charm by which he 's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
Venus the dove, Pallas the ſhield and ſpear:
Poets ſuch emblems to their gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine. 10

* Alexander and Cæſar.

SONGS.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA! how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with diſdain,
Still to my tender love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DEL. When men of equal merit love us, 5
And do with equal ardour ſue,
Thyrſis! you know but one muſt move us.
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleaſure,
Impartial to your high deſert; 10
To both alike eſteem I meaſure;
To one alone can give my heart.

THYR. Myſterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant! why am I,
With equal merit, equal paſſion, 15
Thus the victim choſen to die?
Why am I
The victim choſen to die?

DEL. On Fate alone depends ſucceſs,
And fancy reaſon over-rules,
Or why ſhould virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often given to fools?

'Tis not the valiant nor the witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe:
Love does predeſtinate our pity;
We chuſe but whom he firſt decrees.

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I:
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my tim'rous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thouſand fears
Still overawe when ſhe appears;
My breath is ſpent in ſighs, my eyes are drown'd in tears.

SONG. TO MIRA.

"FOOLISH Love! begone," ſaid I,
"Vain are thy attempts on me;
"Thy ſoft allurements I defy:
"Women, thoſe fair diſſemblers, fly;
"*My heart* was never made for thee."

Love heard, and ſtraight prepar'd a dart:
"Mira, revenge my cauſe," ſaid he.
Too ſure 't was ſhot; I feel the ſmart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart.
O Love! my conqu'ror, pity me. 10

SONG. TO MIRA.

Forsaken of my kindly ſtars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waſte my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ingrateful Love.

The happy ſtill untimely end: 5
Death flies from grief; or why ſhould I
So many hours in ſorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Powers! take pity of my pain;
This, only this, is my deſire; 10
Ah! take from Mira her diſdain,
Or let me with this ſigh expire. 14

L

SONG. TO MIRA.

WHY ſhould a heart ſo tender break?
O Mira! give its anguiſh eaſe:
The uſe of beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex but pleaſe.

Thoſe lips for ſmiling were deſign'd, 5
That boſom to be preſt;
Your eyes to languiſh and look kind,
For am'rous arms your waiſt.

Each thing has its appointed right
Eſtabliſh'd by the pow'rs above; 10
The ſun to give us warmth and light,
Mira to kindle love. 12

SONG. TO MIRA.

I.

WHY, cruel Creature! why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great, 5
For pay let armies move,
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

III.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that 's their due, 10
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

IV.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Mira! if true love 's your price,
Behold it in my heart. 16

SONG.

I.

The happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing.
I lov'd Mira, Mira me; 5
The happiest mortals once were we.

II.

But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me: 10
Of all pains the greatest pain
Is to love, and love in vain. 12

SONG.

Love is by Fancy led about,
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in ev'ry feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature. 5
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of grief or of content,
That the lover 's bleſs'd or dies.
Viſions of mighty pain or pleaſure, 10
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treaſure,
All in pow'rful Fancy lies. 12

SONG. TO CLARINDA.

In vain a thouſand ſlaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd 5
Honour chides, and ſtraight ſhe 's aw'd.

Foolish creature! follow Nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth 's a treasure,
Love 's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by Time.

SONG. ME.

CLARINDA, with a
In scornful postures sets her face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give us love, and take from none.

Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda! I would die for thee,
If you 're too proud to ease my pain,
I am too proud for your disdain.

DRINKING SONG. TO SLEEP.

GREAT god of Sleep, since it must be
That we must give some hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free bowl
Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul;
That be my only time to snore
When I can laugh and drink no more.
Short, very short, be then thy reign,
For I 'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

[illegible] slowly bring the day;
Let no rude noise my bliss destroy;
Such sweet delusion 's real joy.

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS:

OR, ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

As quiet monarchs, that on peaceful thrones,
In sports and revels, long had reign'd like drones,
Rousing at length, reflect, with guilt and shame,
That not one stroke had yet been giv'n for fame,
Wars they denounce, and, to redeem the past, 5
To bold attempts and rugged labours haste:
Our poet so, with like concern, reviews
The youthful follies of a love-sick Muse:
To am'rous toils, and to the silent grove,
To Beauty's snares, and to deceitful Love, 10
He bids farewell; his shield and lance prepares,
And mounts the stage to bid immortal wars.
Vice, like some monster, fall'ring none t' escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her shape.
Here, like some general, the fruits in state, 15
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait:
There, like some pensive statesman, treads demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make destruction surer.
Now under High commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;

Our p...

His glaſs he means not for this jilt or dua
Some features of you all he means to ſhow;
On choſen heads nor lets the thunder fall,
But ſcatters his artillery—at all.

Yet to the fair he fain would quarter ſho
His tender heart recoils at ev'ry blow:
If unawares he gives too ſmart a ſtroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

PROLOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

Poets by obſervation find it true
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves th:
— ... a plot, to work and to refine

Our author then, to please you in your way,
Presents you now a bauble of a play;
In jingling rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in song.
If here and there some evil-fated line 15
Should chance, thro' inadvertency, to shine,
Forgive him, Beaus! he means you no offence,
But begs you, for the love of song and dance,
To pardon all the poetry and sense. 19

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Bevil Higgons' excellent Tragedy, called

THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

Your comic writer is a common foe;
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau;
Nor wanton wife nor widow can be sped,
Not even Russel * can inter the dead,
But straight this censor, in his whim of wit, 5
Strips and presents you naked to the pit.
Than critics should, like these, be branded foes,
Who for the poison only lack the rose;
Snarling and carping, without wit or sense,
Impeach mistaken or o'erlooking excellence, 10

* A famous undertaker for funerals, alluding to a comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, entitled The Funeral.

Full of that flame, his tender scenes
And frames his goddess by your match

* To the ladies.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

I who have been the poet's spark to-day,
Will now become the champion of his play.
Know all, who would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally dislike a damning face.
Pleas'd or displeas'd, no matter, now 't is past, 5
The first who dares be angry breathes his last:
Who shall presume to doubt my will and pleasure,
Him I defy to send his weapon's measure.
If war you chuse, and blood must needs be spilt here,
By Jove! let me alone to match your tilter: 10
I 'll give you satisfaction if I can:
'Sdeath! 't is not the first time I 've kill'd my man.
On pain of being posted to your sorrow,
Fail not, at four, to meet me here to-morrow. 15

[illegible] poet, and the pr
Have view'd the ſtage, but like falſe propl
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would ſilence poets, and reduce the ſtag
The poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On kings the ſcandal, and beſpatters con
Both err; for, without mincing, to be pl
The guilt 's your own of ev'ry odious ſce
The preſent time ſtill gives the ſtage its r
The vices that you practiſe we explode:
We hold the glaſs, and but reflect your ſh
Like Spartans, by expoſing to reclaim.
The ſcribbler, pinch'd with hunger, write
And to your genius muſt conform his line
Not lewd by choice, but merely to ſubmit
[illegible]

A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd, 25
When Timon without music moraliz'd!
Shakespeare's sublime in vain entic'd the throng,
Without the aid of Purcell's Syren song.
In the same antique loom these scenes were wrought,
Embellish'd with good morals and just thought; 30
True Nature in her noble light you see,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry
To trifling jests and fulsome ribaldry:
What rust remains upon the shining mass,
Antiquity must privilege to pass. 35
'Tis Shakespeare's play, and if these scenes miscarry,
Let Gormon * take the stage—or Lady Mary †. 37

EPILOGUE

DESIGNED FOR THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dress,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find success,
Till by fruition novelty destroy'd,
The nymph must find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize, 5
And ladies must have gems beside their eyes;

* A famous prize-fighter.
† A famous rope-dancer so called.

So fares it too with plays: in vain we write,
Unless the music and the dance invite;
Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix some standard how to move, 10
We would transform to any thing you love:
Judge our desire by our cost and pains;
Sure the expence, uncertain are the gains.
But tho' we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance, 15
Our sturdy Britons scorn to borrow sense.
However to foreign fashions we submit,
Still ev'ry fop prefers his mother-wit.
In only wit this constancy is shown,
For never was that errant changeling known 20
Who for another's sense would quit his own.
Our author would excuse these youthful scenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
Some childish fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the Muse the more for being a boy; 25
And ladies should be pleas'd, if not content,
To find so young a thing not wholly impotent.
Our stage-reformers, too, he would disarm,
In charity so cold, in zeal so warm!
And therefore, to atone for stage-abuses, 30
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muses,
He gives his thirds—to charitable uses. 32

IMITATIONS, &c.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

In imitation of the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus.

Mix, mix the philtres—Quick—she flies, she flies,
Deaf to my call, regardless of my cries.
Are vows so vain? could oaths so feeble prove?
Ah! with what ease she breaks those chains of love!
Who Love with all his force had bound in vain, 5
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Queen of the Night, bright empress of the stars,
The friend of Love! assist a lover's cares: 10
And thou, infernal Hecate! be nigh,
At whose approach fierce wolves affrighted fly,
Dark tombs disclose their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground, Arise, arise.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare; 15
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So struggling in love's flame her lover dies:

It burſts, and in a blaze of light expires;
So may ſhe burn, but with more laſting fires.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As the wax melts which to the flame I hold,
So may ſhe melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough iron will yield, and ſtubborn marble run,
And hardeſt hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As with impetuous motion whirling round
This magic wheel ſtill moves, yet keeps its grou
Ever returning; ſo may ſhe come back,
And never more th' appointed round forſake.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Diana! hail; all hail; moſt welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow:
O thou! whoſe art the pow'r of hell diſarms,
Upon a faithleſs woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl. She comes, the goddeſs con
Sound the loud trump, and beat our brazen drum
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

How calm 's the ſky! how undiſturb'd the deep!
Nature is huſh'd, the very tempeſts ſleep;
The drowſy winds breathe gently thro' the trees, 45
And ſilent on the beach repoſe the ſeas:
Love only wakes: the ſtorm that tears my breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my reſt.
O Love! relentleſs Love! tyrant accurs'd!
In deſerts bred, by cruel tigers nurs'd. 50
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

This riband that once bound her lovely waiſt,
O that my arms might gird her there as faſt!
Smiling ſhe gave it, and I priz'd it more 55
Than the rich zone th' Idalian goddeſs wore:
This riband, this lov'd relic of the fair,
So kiſs'd, and ſo preſerv'd—thus—thus I tear.
O Love! why doſt thou thus delight to rend
My ſoul with pain? ah! why torment thy friend? 60
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thrice have I ſacrific'd, and, proſtrate, thrice
Ador'd: aſſiſt, ye Pow'rs! the ſacrifice.
Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles 65
With guilty glances and with perjur'd ſmiles,
Maliguant vapours blaſt his impious head,
Ye lightnings ſcorch him, thunder ſtrike him dead.

Horror of conſcience all his ſlumbers break,
Diſtract his reſt, as love keeps me awake; 70
If marry'd, may his wife a Helen be,
And curs'd and ſcorn'd like Menelaus he!
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Theſe pow'rful drops thrice on the threſhold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice her door; 76
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my ſoul is ever hov'ring round.
Haſte and obey; and binding be the ſpell.
Here ends my charm; O Love! ſucceed it well: 80
By force of magic ſtop the flying fair,
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thou 'rt now alone, and painful is reſtraint;
Eaſe thy preſs'd heart, and give thy ſorrows vent;
Whence ſprang, and how began, theſe griefs declare,
How much thy love, how cruel thy deſpair. 86
Ye Moon and Stars! by whoſe auſpicious light
I haunt theſe groves, and waſte the tedious night,
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart. 90

Too late for hope, for my repoſe too ſoon,
I ſaw, and lov'd; her heart, engag'd, was gone:

A happier man poſſeſs'd whom I adore:
O! I ſhould ne'er have ſeen, or ſeen before.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart, 95
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

What ſhall I do? ſhall I in ſilence bear?
Deſtroy myſelf, or kill the raviſher?
Die, wretched lover! die: but, O! beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her: 100
Wait for a better hour, and truſt thy fate:
Thou ſeek'ſt her love, beget not then her hate.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

My life conſuming with eternal grief, 105
From herbs and ſpells I ſeek a vain relief;
To ev'ry wiſe magician I repair,
In vain; for ſtill I love, and I deſpair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sybils' books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks. 110
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

As melted gold preſerves its weight the ſame,
So burnt my love, nor waſted in the flame.
And now, unable to ſupport the ſtrife, 115
A glimm'ring hope recalls departing life;

My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may aſk, and ſhe with honour give.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Witneſs, ye Hours! with what unweary'd care
From place to place I ſtill purſu'd the fair;
Nor was Occaſion to reveal my flame
Slow to my ſuccour, for it kindly came:
It came, it came, that moment of delight!
O gods! and how I trembled at the ſight!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Diſmay'd and motionleſs, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I ſtood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My falt'ring tongue in vain for utt'rance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak ſounds and broken accents came
Imperfect, as diſcourſes in a dream.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

Soon ſhe divin'd what this confuſion meant,
And gueſs'd with eaſe the cauſe of my complaint
My tongue embold'ning as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.

, Syren! fair Deluder! say,
uld you tempt to truſt, and then betray?
eſs now, why gave you hopes before?
ou ſhould have been leſs kind, or more.
you know the burthen of my heart, 1
ng anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

of innocence, I ſeek to know
hence this change and my misfortunes grow
is loud, and ev'ry voice proclaims
lated faith and conſcious flames. 1
; be true? ah! flatt'ring Michief! ſpeak
1 make vows, and in a moment break?
1 the ſpace ſo very narrow be
: a woman's oath and perjury?
uſy! all other ills at firſt 1
e eſſay'd, but thou art ſure the worſt.
r you know the burthen of my heart,
ng anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.

eful Mira! urge me thus no more,
nk me tame, that once ſo long I bore: 1
on, dire revenge, or black deſpair,
once prevail beyond what man can bear,
nows what I? Ah! feeble rage, and vain
ow ſecure a brow ſhe mocks my pain!
art, fond lover! does thy threats belie,
ou hurt her for whom thou yet would'ſ

Nor durſt ſhe thus thy juſt reſentment brave,
But that ſhe knows how much thy ſoul 's her ſlave.
  But, ſee! Aurora riſing with the ſun
Diſſolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon;
My ſpells no longer bind at ſight of day, 171
And young Endymion calls his love away.
Love 's the reward of all on earth, in heav'n,
And for a plague to me alone was given.
But ills not to be ſhunn'd we muſt endure; 175
Death and a broken heart 's a ready cure.
Cynthia! farewell; go reſt thy weary'd light;
I muſt for ever wake—We'll meet again at night. 178

AN IMITATION

Of the ſecond Chorus

Nor in dominion nor extent of land;
He 's only great who can himſelf command;
Whoſe guard is peaceful Innocence, whoſe guide
Is faithful Reaſon; who is void of pride,
Checking ambition, nor is idly vain 15
Of the falſe incenſe of a popular train;
Who without ſtrife or envy can behold
His neighbour's plenty and his heaps of gold,
Nor covets other wealth but what we find
In the poſſeſſions of a virtuous mind. 20

Fearleſs he ſees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound;
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red ſcaffold or the blazing throne;
Serenely as he liv'd reſigns his breath, 25
Meets Deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death.

Ye ſov'reign Lords! who ſit like gods in ſtate,
Awing the world, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in title, vaſſals in effect,
Whom luſt controls, and wild deſires direct, 30
The reins of empire but ſuch hands diſgrace,
Where Paſſion, a blind driver, guides the race.

What is this fame, thus crowded round with ſlaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flatt'ring knaves.
An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame, 35
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name.
In vain we plant, we build, our ſtores increaſe,
If conſcience roots up all our inward peace.

What need of arms, or instruments of war,
Of batt'ring engines that destroy from far? 40
The greatest king and conqueror is he
Who lord of his own appetites can be;
Bless'd with a pow'r that nothing can destroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly luxury and pomps allure, 45
They tread on ice, and find no footing sure.
Place me, ye Pow'rs! in some obscure retreat;
O keep me innocent, make others great!
In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts, 50
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.
Happy the man who thus, retir'd from sight,
Studies himself, and seeks no other light;
But most unhappy he who sits on high, 55
Expos'd to ev'ry tongue and ev'ry eye,
Whose follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a secret to himself alone:
Worse is an evil fame, much worse, than none. 59

DRAMATIC POEMS.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASK. SET TO MUSIC.

The Argument.

PELEUS, in love with Thetis, by the assistance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus, in despair, consults Prometheus, famous for his skill in astrology, upon whose prophesy, that the son born of Thetis should prove greater than his father, Jupiter desists. The prophesy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the son of Peleus.

Persons in the Mask.

JUPITER. | PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS. | THETIS.

The SCENE *represents Mount Caucasus.* Prometheus *appears chained to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breast.*

PELEUS *enters, addressing himself to* PROMETHEUS.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whose inspecting eye 't is given 5
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the starry heaven:
To thee, Prometheus! I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain. 10

PROM. From Jupiter ſprung all our woes;
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O Peleus! to oppoſe
Thy torturer and mine.
Contented with deſpair,
Reſign the fair,
Reſign; reſign!
Or, wretched Man! prepare
For change of torments great as mine.

PEL. In change of torment would be eaſe;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Ev'n you, Prometheus! would confeſs
There is no vulture like deſpair.

PROM. Ceaſe, cruel Vulture! to devour.

PEL. Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS *entering, they repeat together,*

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture! to devour.
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis! to diſdain.

THET. Peleus! unjuſtly you complain.

PROMETHEUS *and* PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture! to devour.
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis! to diſdain.

THET. Peleus! unjuſtly you complain.
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills reſiſtleſs Fates ordain.
I ſtill am true—and would be kind.

PEL. To love and to languiſh,
To ſigh and complain,
How cruel 's the anguiſh,
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curſe of diſdain,
How tormenting 's the pain!
To love, &c.

THET. Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Thro' which all objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thy rival, Peleus! rules the ſky,
Yet I ſo prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chuſe to die
Rather than reign with Jove.

A clap of thunder. Jupiter *appears deſcending upon his Eagle.*

But ſee, the mighty Thund'rer 's here;
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

A full CHORUS *of voices and inſtruments as* Jupiter *is deſcending.*

CHORUS.

But ſee, the mighty Thund'rer 's here!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

JUPITER *being deſcended.*

JUP. Preſumptuous Slave! rival to Jove,
How dar'ſt thou, Mortal! thus defy
A goddeſs with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealouſy?
Preſumptuous Mortal!—hence—
Tremble at Omnipotence.

PEL. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jove! lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye.
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunde
Haſte, ye Cyclops! with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

PEL. *and* THET. *holding fast by one* ther.

ve may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me t ſer. 84.

PEL. *and* THET. Jove may kill, but ne hall ſun-

THET. *to* JUP. Thy l ate der.

dreadful as thy hate.

might it prove to m

gentle Peleus were

might it prove to me 90

fatal as to loſt conſuming Semele!

ıy love ſtill arm'd with fate

dreadful as thy hate.

PROM. *to* JUP. Son of Saturn, take advice

om one whom thy ſevere decree 95

ıs furniſh'd leiſure to grow wiſe:

ıou rul'ſt the gods, but Fate rules thee.

THE PROPHESY.

hoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing

all taſte joy and reap the bleſſing,

ıus th' unerring ſtars adviſe: 100

om that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,

ternal glories to efface,

ıe moſt illuſtrious of his race,

ıo' ſprang from him who rules the ſkies.

JUP. *apart.*] Shall then the ſon of Saturn be undone,

ke *Saturn, by an impious ſon?* 105

Juſtly th' impartial Fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the ſire
Of ſuch another ſon.
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe,
And guilt, that made me great, ſhall make me
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;
Peleus! take the maid divine: [*Giving her to P*
Jove conſenting, ſhe is thine.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign. [*Joins their*

PEL. Heaven had been loſt had I been Jove
There is no heaven, there is no heaven, but l

PELEUS *and* THETIS *together.*

There is no heaven but love.
No, no, no;
There is no heaven but love.

PELEUS *and* THETIS *run into each other's arms.*

PEL. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddess of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly, 130
Goddess of transporting joy!
But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus pressing,
Is heavenly, heavenly blessing! 135
O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul! 140

THET. You tremble, Peleus—So do I—
Ah, stay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My soul shall take its flight with thine;
Life dissolving in delight, 145
Heaving breasts and swimming sight,
Falt'ring speech and gasping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death;
Life dissolving in delight,
My soul is ready for the flight. 150
O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul! 155

Peleus *and* Thetis *both together repeat,*

O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my Soul! 160

CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments, ſinging and dancing.*

When the ſtorm is blown over
How bleſs'd is the ſwain
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain!
When the ſtorm, &c. 165

The Maſk concludes with variety of dances.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS:
OR, NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

With scenes, machines, music, and decorations, &c.

THE PREFACE.

OF all public spectacles, that which should properly be called an Opera is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a two-fold task upon his hands in the dramatic and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, &c. have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials indeed, in different hands, will have different success: all depends upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients. A bad artist will make but a mere hodge-podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent olio.

The seasoning must be sense. Unless there is wherewithal to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.

The French opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

An English stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a regale of nothing but sweetmeats.

An opera is a kind of *ambigu:* the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, it is odds but the guests break up dissatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justness of his characters. In this consists the solid and the substantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon some story in which Enchanters and Magicians have a principal part. In our modern heroic poems they supply the place of the gods with the Ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.

The characters should be great and illustrious; the figure the actor makes upon the stage is one part of the ornament; by consequence the sentiments must be suitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal share.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is set to notes, and sung, I would have pronounced: if

mbers are of themſelves harmoniou ıre will
need of muſic to ſet them off: a ı verſe,
ronounced, is in itſelf muſical; a eech is
ly more natural for diſcourſe than ,ıng.
any thing be more prepoſterous ı to be-
ato, Julius Cæſar, Great,
ng upon the ſtage in 's, per-
d by eunuchs?
ſinging, therefore, ›plied to
ical part of the entertainment, which, by being
rom a tireſome, unnatural recitative, muſt cer-
adminiſter more reaſonable pleaſure.

ſeveral parts of the entertainment ſhould be
ed to relieve one another as to be tedious in
and the connexion ſhould be ſuch, that not
ould be able to ſubſiſt without the other: like
idery, ſo fixed and wrought into the ſubſtance,
› part of the ornament could be removed with-
ıring the ſtuff.

introduce ſinging and dancing by head and
ers, no way relative to the action, does not
play into an opera, though that title is now
ſcuouſly given to every farce ſprinkled here and
with a ſong and a dance.

richeſt lace, ridiculouſly ſet on, will make but
; coat.

ll not take upon me to criticiſe what has ap-
of this kind on the Engliſh ſtage: we have ſe-

artifice in our dramatic pieces as are
ll other nations; even a Scythian played
on us, without considering they are
d by the politicians in our own. A
portant of the language, and incapable of
e sentiments, condemns by the eye, and
not be heard to be as extravagant as what
en Oedipus breaks his neck out of a
traffic appears in her bed murdering her
children, instead of moving terror or
such spectacles only fill the spectator with
wonder if the actors are shocked at
and tale is a nation tardie not civilized
to delight in them. To remove this
much to be wished our scenes
the sword and trigger more
make some amends for the
s severe as to the rigour of
l by the masters, though
ep as close to them is

operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for th of my country, even in the minuteſt things, endeavouring to outdo our neighbours in ; ances of all kinds.

Thus, if the ſplendour of the French oper: harmony of the Italian, were ſo ſkilfully int with the charms of poetry, upon a regular bottom, as to inſtruct as well as delight, to the mind, as well as raviſh the ſenſe, there doubt but ſuch an addition would entitle ou opera to the preference of all others. The t of the encouragement, of which we have b beral to foreigners for a concert of muſic o called an opera, would more than effect it.

what we hears to be as extravagant as what
When Oedipus breaks his neck out of a bal-
ocasta appears in her bed murdering her-
r children, instead of moving terror or
, such spectacles only fill the spectator with
wonder if strangers are shocked at such
conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized,
m to delight in them. To remove this re-
s much to be wished our scenes were left
l the sword and dagger more out of fa-
make some amends for this exclusion, I
ss severe as to the rigour of some other
d by the masters, though it is always ad-
eep as close to them as possible: but re-
are not to be brought about all at once.

pend, is being too ſtrictly tied down; in ſuch a c:
ſummum jus may be *ſumma injuria*.

Corneille himſelf complains of finding his gen
often cramped by his own rules: "There is infini
"difference," ſays he, "between ſpeculation a
"practice: let the ſevereſt critic make the trial,
"will be convinced by his own experience, that up
"certain occaſions too ſtrict an adherence to the l
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freedoms he attributes the ſucceſs of his Cyd: b
the rigid legiſlators of the Academy handled him
roughly for it, that he never durſt make the venta

ill extremes are to be avoided. To be
an in the drama, or an English Latif
aking different paths to be both out
he British Muse is too unruly, the Fre n
one wants a curb, the other a spur.
ng for some little rel ation from th t-
ty of the rules, where m
it, I am not bespeakin ce
resent performance: nts
as no pattern to follow or tra-
ércéive, upon examination, that I have been
s to their strictest lessons.
nities are religiously observed; the place is
e, varied only into different prospects by the
of enchantment; all the incidents fall naturally
the very time of representation; the plot is one
al action, and of that kind which introduces
of turns and changes, all tending to the same
the ornaments and decorations are of a piece
so that one could not well subsist without the
every act concludes with some unexpected
ion; and, in the end, vice is punished, virtue
ed, and the moral is instructive.
ne, which I would by no means admit into the
e of graver tragedy, seems to me the most pro-
e for representations of this heroic romantic
nd best adapted to accompany music. The lo-
nguage of a haughty tyrant will by no mea

gentle addreſs to his miſtreſs would rumble ſtra
in the Miltonic dialect; and the ſoft harmony o
Waller's numbers would as ill become the m
of Lucifer and Belzebub. The terrible and the t
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actors, which ſoon followed, and the introduct
the Italian opera, put a ſtop to its farther appeara

BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

Dramatis Personæ.

IEN.
British king, father

TUS, a Roman em-
gned for marriage
sa.
, Gaul, a famous
venturer, in love
a.
N, his companion,
h Corilanda.
, a wicked en-
emy to Amadis.

LUCIUS, a Roman of the emperor's train.

WOMEN.

ORIANA, in love with Amadis, but given in marriage to Constantius.

CORISANDA, betrothed to Florellan.

URGANDA, a good enchantress, friend to Amadis.

ARCABON, sister to Arcalaus.

DELIA, an attendant to Urganda.

Magicians attending the several Enchanters.

Ladies, captives. Men and women attending the
urt. Priests or Druids. Romans attending
tius. *Singers, dancers, &c.*

he King's Palace and parts adjacent, inhabited
ferent Enchanters.

ACT I. SCENE I.

rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments
The scene represents an enchanted grove, adorn-
autified with fountains, statues, &c. Urganda
performing some solemn ceremony of enchant-
full stage of singers and dancers.

URGANDA *and* DELIA.

URGANDA.

und, ye Winds! the rended clouds divide,
the priest, and give a trembling bride.

* See the Prologue, p. 128.

veral poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the beſt hands; but, in my opinion, the ſubjects, for the moſt part, have been improperly choſen. Mr. Addiſon's Roſamond, and Mr. Congreve's Semele, though excellent in their kind, are rather maſks than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minuteſt things, I am for endeavouring to outdo our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the ſplendour of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were ſo ſkilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to inſtruct as well as delight, to improve the mind, as well as raviſh the ſenſe, there can be no doubt but ſuch an addition would entitle our Engliſh opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been ſo liberal to foreigners for a concert of muſic only, miſcalled an opera, would more than effect it.

In the conſtruction of the following Poem the Author has endeavoured to ſet an example to his rules; precepts are beſt explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better: however, it may ſerve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of ſcenes of low life, and return to a taſte of more generous pleaſures.

We are reproached by foreigners with ſuch unna-

The ſhepherd takes his reed;
He plays a tune,
She ſtops as ſoon,
And ſtraight they are agreed.

The battle near
When cowards fear,
The drum and trumpet ſounds;
Their courage warms,
They ruſh to arms,
'And brave a thouſand wounds."

CHORUS.

'By harmony our ſouls are ſway'd;
'By harmony the world was made."

A ſecond Dance.

Singers again advance.

A ſingle voice.

'When with adoring looks we gaze
'On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
'In ev'ry glance and ev'ry grace
'What is it that we ſee
'But harmony,
'Celeſtial harmony?
'Our ravish'd hearts leap up to meet
'The muſic of her eyes,
'The muſic of her eyes,
'*And dance* around her feet."

pend, is being too ſtrictly tied down; in ſuch a caſe *ſummum jus* may be *ſumma injuria*.

Corneille himſelf complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is infinite "difference," ſays he, "between ſpeculation and "practice: let the ſevereſt critic make the trial, he "will be convinced by his own experience, that upon "certain occaſions too ſtrict an adherence to the let-"ter of the law ſhall exclude a bright opportunity of "ſhining, or touching the paſſions. Where the breach "is of little moment, or can be contrived to be as it "were imperceptible in the repreſentation, a gentle "diſpenſation might be allowed." To thoſe little freedoms he attributes the ſucceſs of his Cyd: but the rigid legiſlators of the Academy handled him ſo roughly for it, that he never durſt make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the French Muſe muſt always flutter like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the ſame conſtraint as the conſtruction: not a diſcourſe, but an oration; not ſpeaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and eaſy, as converſation ſhould be, but preciſe, ſet, formal arguementing, *pro* and *con*, like diſputants in a ſchool. In writing, like dreſs, is it not poſſible to be too exact, too ſtarched, and too formal? Pleaſing negligence I have ſeen: who ever ſaw pleaſing formality?

)id not your art with timely charms provide,
/ere his wife and not his bride.
In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
nt world, with monſters overgrown,
, and giants, nurs'd with human blood, 70
: magicians, an infernal brood,
en and gods, but moſt the fair complain
:ed loves, and lovers ſlain.
:r innocence, and injur'd right,
.ons all elect ſome patron-knight, 75
> be true to love, and ſlaves to fame,
ny a valiant chief enrolls his name;
ng marks diſtinguiſh'd they appear,
ious orders various enſigns wear:
y ſtrict oaths to ſerve the brighteſt eyes, 80
e they ſtrive for glory than the prize;
o invite the toil, the faireſt dame
in is the boldeſt champion's claim.
Of all who in this race of fame delight,
madis is own'd the hardieſt knight: 85
:ſeus nor Alcides ventur'd more,
ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in monſter's gore,
s creſted helm the trampled dragon bore.
Ardan, that black enchanter, whoſe dire arts
our knights, and broke our virgins' hearts;
ar to ſpear, his great deliv'ring hand 91
e deſtroyer, and redeem'd the land;

become a paſſionate lover, and tender ſentiments require the ſofteſt colouring.

The theme muſt govern the ſtyle; every thought, every character, every ſubject of a different nature, muſt ſpeak a different language. An humble lover's gentle addreſs to his miſtreſs would rumble ſtrangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the ſoft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Belzebub. The terrible and the tender muſt be ſet to different notes of muſic.

To conclude: this Dramatic attempt was the firſt eſſay of a very infant Muſe, rather as a taſk at ſuch hours as were free from other exerciſes, than any way meant for public entertainment: but Mr. Betterton, having had a caſual ſight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the ſtage, where it found ſo favourable a reception as to have an uninterrupted run of at leaſt forty days. The ſeparation of the principal actors, which ſoon followed, and the introduction of the Italian opera, put a ſtop to its farther appearance.

Had it been compoſed at a riper time of life the faults might have been fewer: however, upon reviſing it now, at ſo great a diſtance of time, with a cooler judgment than the firſt conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot abſolutely ſay *Scripſiſſe pudet.*

[illegible] in their solemnities, seeming in [illegible]placing their idols, and setting their altars in [illegible]nder and lightning. In the mean-time CON-[illegible], ORIANA, *and* CORISANDA, *come forward.*

CONSTANTIUS.

'ult not ſtars, nor ſearch the ſkies,
r ſentence in their charmers' eyes.
under from the clouds that break,
ıs from your looks I take.
ına ſmiles, from thence I date
e, and when ſhe frowns my fate.
'rince! the anger of the gods to move;
e a crime to mention love:
interpreting the voice
ath, forewarn them

COR. Nuptials of form, of intereſt, or of ſtate,
Thoſe ſeeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And chuſe the gentle virgin chaſte and fair:
Let women to ſuperior fortune born 140
For naked virtue all temptations ſcorn:
The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd;
And Providence, not niggardly but wiſe,
Here laviſhly beſtows, and there denies, 145
That by each other's virtue we may riſe.
Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,
But friend and benefactor always bind.

The KING *advances, followed by Prieſts and train.*

KING. Our nuptials recover: 't was a lucky cheat

How dar'ſt thou diſobey when I command?
nd her not, nor be diſturb'd at tears, 161
rfeited qualm of bridal fears.
e, could you her inward motions watch,
delay, ſhe wiſhes for diſpatch.
oman's meaning would you look, 165
d her backward, like a wizard's book.
o your charge—back to your office go.
with a ſtern imperious air. Prieſts retire, obſe-
ſly bowing, as before.
h' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
r! ſhall ever be obſerv'd by me:
to diſpute your high decree 170
s I kneel, but humbly to implore
nent's ſhort ſuſpenſe. I own your power,
bmit. Grant but this ſmall delay,
he prince decides Oriana ſhall obey.
I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
to love, as they are doom'd to reign. 176
aſide.] Into what hands, ye Gods! have ye
eſign'd
orld? Are theſe the maſters of mankind?
pple Romans teach our women ſcorn:
ye, Gods! that I' m a Briton born. 180
eſe trifles in a ſhort debate. [*To them.*
delays. I am not us'd to wait.
[*King* Celius *retires back into the temple.*

A paſſion where [illegible]
Slaves we are made, by falſe pretences [illegible]
The Briton in my ſoul diſdains the thought.

CON. So much, ſo tenderly, your ſlave adores
He has no thought of happineſs but your's. [pr

ORI. Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall mere v
I muſt have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that 's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, ſwear.

CON. Needs there an oath? and can Oriana
Thus I command, and doubt if I 'll obey?

ORI. Prepare then, Prince! to hear a ſecret t
Which ſhame would ſhun, and bluſhing I unfol
But dangers preſſing, cowards will grow bold.
Know—then—I love.

[illegible] you command deſpair,

KING. How dar'st thou disobey when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at tears, 161
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears.
You 'd see, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, she wishes for dispatch.
Into a woman's meaning would you look, 165
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Priests, to your charge—back to your office go.

[*Spoken with a stern imperious air. Priests retire, obsequiously bowing, as before.*

ORI. Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir! shall ever be observ'd by me:
It is not to dispute your high decree 170
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's short suspense. I own your power,
And I submit. Grant but this small delay,
And as the prince decides Oriana shall obey.

CON. I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Destin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign. 176

KING, *aside.*] Into what hands, ye Gods! have ye resign'd
Your world? Are these the masters of mankind?
These supple Romans teach our women scorn:
I thank ye, Gods! that I' m a Briton born. 180
Agree these trifles in a short debate. [*To them.*
No more delays. I am not us'd to wait.

[*King Celius retires back into the temple.*

O fatal law! requiring to resign
The object lov'd or hated, keep her mine.

ORI. *soothingly.*] Accuse me not of hate; with equal
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize. [eyes
Friendship, esteem, be your's. Bereft before 235
Of all my love, what can I offer more?
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him esteem in you.
Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd. 240
Then blame me not; since what decides your fate
Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

CON. Hard fate of merit: Fortune holds the scale,
And still throws in the weight that must prevail.
Your rival is not of more charms possess'd; 245
A grain of better luck has made him bless'd.

CON. *aside.*] To love, and have the power to possess,
And yet resign, can Nature yield to this?
Shall Nature, erring from her first command,
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand? 250
By her own act the springs of life destroy,
The principles and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd by cursing whom we love?
Possessing she is lost—renouncing—I— 255
Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Constantius, die.
Honour, and *Love*! ye Tyrants! I obey, [*Aloud.*
Where'er your cruel call directs my way.

To shame, to chains, or to a certain grave, 259
Lead on. Unpitying Guides!—behold your slave.
BAR. Tho' love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends with fame in war.
Honour 's the noblest chace; pursue that game,
And recompense the loss of love with fame:
If still against such aids your love prevails, 265
Yet absence is a cure that seldom fails.
CON. Tyrannic Honour! what amends canst thou
E'er make my heart by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unless the conquest prove
In search of beauty to conclude in love: 270
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give
That love which spite of cruelty can live!
From your disdain since no relief I find,
I must love absent whom I love unkind:
Tho' seas divide us, and tho' mountains part, 275
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O! dire reverse of hope which I endure,
From sure possession to despair as sure!
Farewell, Oriana! yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuse one tear to bleeding Love? 280
Ah, no! take heed—turn, turn those eyes away,
The charm 's so strong I shall for ever stay.
Princess! rejoice—for your next news shall be 283
Constantius dies—to set Oriana free. [*Ex. severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ene a thick-wooded forest, the trees loaded with mili-
ensigns and trophies, and rich pavilion makes the poin
ew at the farther end.

ARCALAUS *and* ARCARON.

ARCALAUS.

ANTRESS! say—whence such replies as these?
nswer'd Love, I speak of Amadis. 286
AR. Swiftly he pass'd, and as in sport pursu'd
vage herd, and scoured thro' the wood;
and wolves in vain his stroke withstand,
own like poppies by the reaper's hand: 290
Mars he look'd, as terrible and strong,
Jove majestic, like Apollo young;
all their attributes divinely grac'd,
ure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.
AL. Who pass'd? who look'd? 295
AR.——Ah! there's the fatal wound
tears my heartstrings—But he shall be found;
e Infernals! if there's power in art,
arms shall hold him as he grasps my heart.
I, who can draw down the moon, and keep 300
ars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous deep,
orests halt, make hills and forests move,
!——
AL.——Be made a whining fool to love?

Suspend these foolish, and be wise for mount;
A brother's death requires a fair account.
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murth'rer 's in our power.
Leave Love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obscure, and with the lowly swain;
Who waste their days and strength for such short joys
Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

ARCAB. They 're fools who preach we waste our days and strength:
What is a life whose only charm is length?
Give me a life that 's short and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whose minutes never cloy.
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little single hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.

ARCAL. See it perform'd—and thou shalt be,
Black minister of Hell—a god to me.

[Attendant flies away through the air.

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.
Here Ardan fell, here on this fatal spot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple flood, which cries aloud for more.
Think on that image, see him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound.
Think on the murth'rer, with insulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding side:
Oh! think——

ORI. What danger in ſuch gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to Love, thrice-powerful Harmony!
I 'll follow thee; play on—
Muſic 's the balm of love, it charms deſpair,
Suſpends the ſmart, and ſoftens ev'ry care.
[*Exeunt down the ſcene, following the muſic.*

ARCALAUS *enters, with an attendant, obſerving them as they walk down into the foreſt.*

ARCAL. Finiſh the reſt, and then be free as air.
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form ſo fair. 376
Happy beyond my wiſh, I go to prove
At once the joys of ſweet revenge and love.
[*Walks down the ſcene after them.*

Enter AMADIS *and* FLORESTAN.

AMAD. Miſtake me not—No—Amadis ſhall die
If ſhe is pleas'd, but not diſturb her joy. 380
Nice honour ſtill engages to requite
Falſe miſtreſſes and friends with ſlight for ſlight:
But if, like mine, the ſtubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderneſs, the brave muſt feign
In private grief, but with a careleſs ſcorn 385
In public ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLOR. Hard is the taſk in love or grief to feign;
When paſſion is ſincere it will complain;
Doubts which from rumour riſe you ſhould ſuſpend;
From evil tongues what virtue can defend? 390

In love who injures by a rash distrust
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

AMAD. If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind 395
Trusts a frail bark with a tempestuous wind.
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast,
His fate inquiring, spake Atrides' ghost:
"Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
"Of ev'ry ill, a woman is the worst. 400
"Trust not a woman."—Well might he advise
Who perish'd by his wife's adulteries.

FLOR. Thus in despair what most we love we wrong;
Not Heaven escapes the impious Atheist's tongue.

AMAD. Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death;
Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath; 406
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glitt'ring gold and sparkling gems they shine,
But apes and monkies are the gods within. 410

FLOR. My love attends with pain, while you pursue
This angry theme—I have a mistress too;
The faultless form no secret stains disgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemish'd as her face,
Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin, 415
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love she got,
A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

ORI. What danger in ſuch gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to Love, thrice-powerful Harmony!
I 'll follow thee; play on—
Muſic 's the balm of love, it charms deſpair,
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Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin, 41
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love she got,
A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

To be sung in full CHORUS.

Love! creator Love! appear;
Attend, and hear.
Appear, appear, appear.

A single voice.

450

"Love! creator Love!
"Parent of heav'n and earth,
"Delight of gods above;
"To thee all Nature owes her birth,
"Love! creator Love!"

Another single voice.

45

"All that in ambient air does move,
"Or teems on fertile fields below,
"Or sparkles in the skies above,
"Or does in rolling waters flow,
"Spring from the seeds which thou dost sow,
"Love! creator Love!"

CHORUS.

"Better in love a slave to be,
"Than with the wideſt empire free."

Dance.

[illegible] another party; [illegible]
ued, and carried off.

t pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy fate;
life my vengeance is complete:
iend borne to eternal chains;
rdan now, and count thy gains.
e Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall;
nce revenge and free them all. 446

alaus *still retreating. A sudden sound of in-*
xpressing terror and horror, with thunder
time. Monsters and Demons rise from un-
e, while others fly down from above, crossing
n confusion, during which the stage is dark-
sudden a flourish of contrary music succeeds,
[illegible]

A single voice.

" Love! creator Love!
" Parent of heav'n and earth,
" Delight of gods above;
" To thee all Nature owes her birth,
" Love! creator Love!"

Another single voice.

" All that in ambient air does move,
" Or teems on fertile fields below,
" Or ſparkles in the ſkies above,
" Or does in rolling waters flow,
" Spring from the ſeeds which thou do
" Love! creator Love!"

A full CHORUS.

"Hail to Love, and welcome joy!
"Hail to the delicious Boy!
"See the sun from Love returning,
"Love 's the flame in which he 's burning.
"Hail to Love, the softest pleasure! 510
"Love and Beauty reign for ever."

Dance.

Then to be sung by a Shepherdess, addressing herself to Amadis.

"Now, Mortal! prepare,
"For thy fate is at hand;
"Now Mortal prepare
"And surrender; 515
"For Love shall arise,
"Whom no pow'r can withstand,
"Who rules from the skies
"To the centre.

"Now, Mortal! prepare, 520
"For thy fate is at hand;
"Now, Mortal! prepare
"And surrender.

CHORUS *repeat.*

"Now, Mortal! prepare, &c.

[illegible], dreadful fire,
" Daggers, poison, sword, and fire,
" To execute the destin'd wrath con[illegible]
" The Furies loose their snaky rods,
" To lash both men and gods."

CHORUS *repeat the last stanza*

Then SYMPHONY FOR LOVE

A single voice.

" But when Love bids Discord cease,
" The jarring seeds unite in peace;
" O the pleasures past expressing!
" O the rapture of possessing!
" Melting, dying, heav'nly bl[illegible]
" [illegible]

ove, the softest pleasure!
Beauty reign for ever."

Dance.

ing by a Shepherdess, addressing herself

rtal! prepare,
te is at hand;
rtal! prepare
nder;
shall arise,
pow'r can withstand,
from the skies
atre.

AMAD. Of our paſt lives the pleaſure and the pain
Fix'd in my ſoul for ever ſhall remain; 576
Recall more gently my unhappy ſtate,
And charge my crime not on my choice, but Fate.
In mortal breaſt ſure Honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd. 580
You ſaw my torment, and you knew my heart;
'T was infamy to ſtay, 't was death to part.

ORI. In vain you 'd cover with the thirſt of fame,
And Honour's call, an odious traitor's name.
Could Honour ſuch vile perfidy approve? 585
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too ſome remnants found a place;
From Brute deſcending in a line direct,
Within theſe veins thy fav'rite blood reſpect: 590
Mother of Love! by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe vows, and let this pray'r be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal hatred and eternal war;
Nor league nor commerce let the nations know, 595
But ſeeds of everlaſting diſcord grow;
With fire and ſword the faithleſs race purſue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Riſe from our aſhes ſome avenging hand
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land; 600
Waves fight with waves, and ſhores with ſhores en-
And let our ſons inherit the ſame rage. [gage,

ulling and compell'd! Vain, vain pret
glect and cold indifference.
love when by those stars above,
rs below, and that immortal Jove,
before the first revolving moon
return?—Did you return?—The su.
nd the circled globe was seen to mov
came nor sent—Was this your love?
rice has that sun beheld me on your co:
beaten, and in shipwrecks lost.
yet you chose those perils of the sea,
storms—or any thing—but me.
ocean, and the winter wind, 5
y passion, with my wishes join'd;
of certain fate

ARCAL. Hence to his fate the valiant boaſter bear.
[*Sinks under the ſtage with him.*
For him let our infernal prieſts prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars—But for her
Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bow'rs,
Muſic and ſongs, and all thoſe melting pow'rs 632
With which love ſteals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderneſs and yielding———
Superior charms enchant us to be kind. [*Exit.*

The Act concludes with dancing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON *meeting.*

ARCALAUS.

WELCOME as after darkneſs cheerful light, 636
Or to the weary wand'rer downy night.
Smile, ſmile, my Arcabon! for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt looks reward my toil:
That ſullen air but ill becomes thee now; 640
Seeſt thou not glorious conqueſt on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis!———

ARCAB. Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

ARCAL. He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die:
The gnawing vulture and the reſtleſs wheel 645
Shall be delight to what the wretch ſhall feel.

ARCAB. Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinnys! riſe;
With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;

Of earth arise; burst from thy brazen tomb; 656
Bear witness to the vengeance we prepare;
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of care.

ARCAB. Pluto! arise; infernal King! release
Thy tortur'd slaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis. 661

ARCAL. Mourn, all ye heavens; above yon' azure [plain
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with tears bedew his sky,
For Amadis, his champion, is doom'd to die. 665

ARCAB. Death be my care; for, to complete his woe,
The slave shall perish by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns shall his dire vow fulfil:
'T was thine to vanquish, and 't is mine to kill.

ARCAL. So look'd Medea when her rival bride
Upon her nuptial day consuming dy'd: 671
O never more let love disguise a face

Rage rules all other passions in my breast,
And, swelling like a torrent, drowns the rest.
Should this curs'd wretch, whom most my soul abhors,
Prove the dear man whom most my soul adores,
Love should in vain defend him with his dart; 680
Thro' all his charms I 'd stab him to the heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King CELIUS, CONSTANTIUS, LUCIUS *a Roman, and a numerous attendance of Britons.*

KING. From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,
With British faith it suits not to recede:
How may the world interpret such neglect,
And on her beauty or her fame reflect? 685
Roman! consider well what course you run;
Resolve to be my pris'ner or my son.
If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight
Those supple arts which foreigners delight,
Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right. 690

[*Exit* King *and attendants.*

LUC. Happy extremity! Now, Prince! be bless'd,
Of all you love and all you wish possess'd:
No censure you incur, constrain'd to chuse,
Possess'd at once of pleasure and excuse.

CON. If for myself alone I would possess, 695
'T were sensual joy, and brutal happiness.

When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle ſublime of bliſs is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the raviſh'd charmer taſte.
Oriana! no—tho' certain death it be,
I 'll keep my word—I 'll die or ſet thee free.
Haſte, Lucius! haſte, ſound loud our trumpets, call
Our guard to arms; tho' few, they 're Romans all.
Now tremble, ſavage King! a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound that can a ſword command.

As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, *attended as before.*

KING. Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found;
Diſperſe out parties, ſearch our kingdoms round.
Follow Conſtantius; ſeize him, torture, kill:
Traitor! what vengeance I can have I will.
Well have thy gods, O Rome! ſecur'd thy peace,
Planted behind ſo many lands and ſeas,
Or thou ſhouldſt feel me, City! in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite or the Gaul:
But to ſupply and recompenſe this want,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Iſle! and grant
That wrath may riſe and ſtrife immortal come
Betwixt the gods of Britain and of Rome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a ſcene of tombs and dungeons,
women chained in rows, oppoſite to one another.
front of the captives Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda.
nificent monument erected to the memory of Arda
this inſcription in large letters of gold:

" Revenge is vow'd; reſt quiet, gentle Shade
" The living ſhall be reſtleſs till 't is had."

A GUARD OF DEMONS. PLAINTIVE MUS

To be ſung by a captive King.

" Look down, ye Pow rs! look down,
" And caſt a pitying eye
" Upon a monarch's miſery.
" Look down, look down.
" Avenge, avenge, avenge
" Affronted majeſty.

" I who but now, on thrones of gold,
" Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroll'd,
" To empire born,
" From empire torn,
" A wretched ſlave,
" A wretched ſlave,
" Am now of ſlaves the ſcorn.
" *Alas! the ſmiles* of Fortune prove
" *As variable as* women's love.

By a captive Lover.

happieſt mortals once were we, 735
'd Mira, Mira me;
deſirous of the bleſſing,
ing wanting but poſſeſſing.
'd Mira, Mira me;
happieſt mortals once were we. 740

ince cruel Fates diſſever,
ı from love, and torn for ever,
ures end me,
h befriend me:
l pains the greateſt pain 745
love, and love in vain."

By a captive Libertine.

ue us not with idle ſtories,
ning loves and ſenſeleſs glories!
t are lovers, what are kings,
t at beſt but ſlaviſh things! 750

I liv'd as Nature made me,
ıroud Beauty durſt invade me,
ebellious ſlaves betray'd me;
I liv'd as Nature made me.

ı by turns, as ſenſe inſpir'd me, 755
hus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me.
ne have loſt true pleaſure,
dom is the only treaſure."

CHORUS *of Demons.*

"Ceaſe, ye Slaves! your fruitleſs grieving.
"No, no; 760
"The powers below
"No pity know.
"Ceaſe, ye Slaves! your fruitleſs grieving."

A dance of Demons inſulting the priſoners.

FLOR. *to* COR. To taſte of pain, and yet to gaze on
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree. [thee,
Well may the brave contend, the wiſe contrive; 766
In vain againſt their ſtars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

COR. So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the ſnare:
Purſuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught; 771
In the ſame cage in mournful notes complain
Of the ſame fate, and curſe perfidious man.

A Captive.

O Heav'ns! take pity of our pains;
Death is a milder fate than chains. 775

A flourriſh of inſtruments of horror. ARCABON *deſcends in a chariot drawn through the air by dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a dagger in her hand.*

ARCAB. Your vows have reach'd the gods; your [chains and breath
Have the ſame date——
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.

He who so oft' has 'scap'd th' assaults of hell, 779
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could
By whom so many bold enchanters fell, [quell,
Amadis, Amadis! this joyful day
Your guardian deity 's himself our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle spectators of their hero's doom. 785

Flourish of loud instruments of diverse sorts. Other dungeons open and discover more Captives. AMADIS *chained to an alter, infernal Priests on each side of him, with knives uplifted ready for the sacrifice.* Arcabon *advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.*

ARCAB. Thou dy'st—What strange and what resistless charm
With secret force arrests my lifted arm!
What art thou, who with more than magic art
Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMAD. One who, disdaining mercy, sues to die;
I ask not life, for life were cruelty. 791
Of all the wretched, search the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found.
Let loose thy rage, like an avenging god;
Fain would my soul, encumber'd, cast her load. 795

ARCAB. *aside.*] In every line and feature of that face
The dear enchanter of my soul I trace.
My brother! had my father too been slain,
The blood of my whole race should plead in vain.

The ties of nature do but weakly move; 800
The ſtrongeſt tie of nature is in love.

AMAD. O Floreſtan! I ſee thoſe chains with ſhame
Which I could not prevent—O ſtain to fame!
O honour loſt for ever! Theſeus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd ſtill, 805
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpow'red, but betray'd.
O my lov'd Friend! with better grace we ſtood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories: the manly limb that trod 810
Firm and erect beneath a ſtable load
Of gold'rous mail theſe manacled hands diſdains,
And ſinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLOR. Where ſhall the brave and good for refuge
Volume to be virtuous is to be undone? [Exit,

liberty! liberty!"

A single voice.

"Arm, arm! the gen'rous Britons cry,
"Let us live free, or let us die:
"Trumpets sounding, banners flying;
"Praying tyrants, chains defying. *Sw.*
"Arm, arm! the gen'rous Britons cry,
"Let us live free, or let us die.
"Liberty! liberty!"

CHORUS *repeat.*

"Liberty! liberty!"

Another single voice.

"Happy life! all love possessing, *S.*
"Clime resembling heav'n above,
"Freedom! it is that crowns the blessing,
"Land of liberty and love!

"When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
"Set themselves and lovers free, *S.*
"In the blessing of obtaining,
"Ah! how sweet is liberty!

Now the chorus repeat as on the first.

Arcabon *having freed* Amadis, *they come forward together, the rest standing in rows on each side of the theatre, bowing as they advance.*

ARCAB. When rage like mine makes such a sudden [pause,
Methinks 't were easy to divine the cause.
The dullest warrior in a lady's face 845
The secret meaning of a blush may trace.
When short-breath'd sighs, and catching glances, sent
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent,
Let glory share but not possess you whole;
Love is the darling transport of the soul. 850

AMAD. The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have destin'd Fame no other chance for me:
My fallen fears in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reserv'd for love. 854

Act bound already, and not free to chuſe,
I prize the bleſſing fated to refuſe.

ARCAB. *aſide.*] Thoſe formal lovers be for ever cu
Who fetter'd free-born Love with honour firſt; S
Who thro' fantaſtic laws are Virtue's fools,
And againſt Nature will be ſlaves to rules.
Your captive friends have freedom from this hour
[To
Rejoice for them, but for thyſelf much more:
Sublimer bleſſings are reſerv'd for thee, S
Whom Love invites to be poſſeſs'd of me.
The ſhipwreck'd Greeks, caſt on Ætæa's ſhore,
With trembling ſteps the dubious coaſt explore;
Who firſt arrive in vain for pity plead, S
Transform'd to beaſts, a vile and monſtrous breed:
But when Ulyſſes, with ſuperior mien, [que
Approach'd the throne where ſat th' enchantre
Pleas'd with a preſence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed ſhe leads the conqu'ror on, S
Where he enjoys the daughter of the Sun.

She leads Amadis *out.* Floreſtan *and* Corifanda *the releaſed Captives only remain.* Floreſtan *and* Corifanda *run into each others' arms.*

FLOR. In this enchanting circle let me be
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

COR. Soul of my ſoul! and charmer of my heart
From theſe embraces let us never part.

thin each others' arms we 'll ever rest:
ose eyes shall make my days serene and bright,
ese arms thus circling round me bless the night.
[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Cor.

The remaining Captives express their joy for liberty by singing and dancing.

CHORUS *of all the Captives together.*

To Fortune give immortal praise,
Fortune deposes, and can raise;
Fortune the captives' chains does break,
And brings despairing exiles back.
However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all."

All exit ludes with a variety of dances.

ACT III. SCENE I.

[illegible]

doubt provok'd, by certainty destroy'd.

ARCAB. To govern love, alas! what woman can?

Yet 't is an easy province for a man. 910

Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?

There is a cure—I 'd ask it—if I might.

Forgive me, Brother! if I pry too far;

I 'ave learnt my rival is your pris'ner here: 915

If that be true———

ARCAL.—What thence would you infer? [Smiles.

ARCAB. What but her death—When Amadis is free

From hopes of her there—may be hope for me. 920

ARCAL. Thou cloud to this bright Juno—Fool!—

Who has lov'd her ever defend to thee? [shall he

ARCAB. Much vainer fool art thou—Where are those

That are to tempt a princess to thy arms? [charms

Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars———

ARCAL. ——But yet

This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.

Your council comes too late, for 't is decreed,

To make the woman sure the man shall bleed.

[Exit Arcalaus.

Kindles my heart, like fires p...
Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
Furies, Alecto! aid my just design; 941
But if, averse to mercy, you decline
The pious task, assist me, Pow'rs divine!
Just gods, and thou, their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you please, but save the man I love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The scene changes to the representation of a fine garden. ORIANA *sitting pensively in a pleasant bower towards the lower end of the scene. Soft music playing.* ARCALAUS *enters, addressing himself respectfully to her; she rises. They advance slowly towards the front of the stage, seeing in mute discourse till the music ceases.*

To die is to be free. Oh! let me find
A speedy death—that freedom would be kind.

ARCAL. Too cruel to suspect such usage meant,
Here is no death but what your eyes present: 955
O may they reign, those arbiters of Fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.
We know the cause of this prepost'rous grief,
And we should pity were there no relief:
One lover lost, have you not millions more? 960
Can you complain of want whom all adore?
All hearts are your's, ev'n mine, that, fierce and free,
Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity;
Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,
And prostrate in his chain for mercy dies. 965

ORI. Respect is limited to pow'r alone;
Beauty distress'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each insolent invades———.
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched Princess! now,
When ev'ry slave that loves dares tell thee so? 970

ARCAL. If I do love, the fault is in your eyes;
Blame them who wound, and not your slave who dies.
If we may love, then sure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you so fair?
Who can, unmov'd, behold that heav'nly face, 975
Those radiant eyes, and that resistless grace?

ORI. Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my face:
Tear off my cheeks, and root up ev'ry grace;

Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once and me. 980

ARCAL. Such strange commands 't were impious to
I would revenge myself a gentler way. [obey;

[*Offering to take her hand, she snatches it away disdainfully.*

ORI. Some whirlwind bear me from this odious
Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace: [place,
Save me, ye Pow'rs! from violence and shame, 985
Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCAL. *aside.*] Love with submission first begins in
But when that fails a sure reserve is force: [course,
The nicest dames, who our embraces shun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one: 990
She who thro' frailty yields dishonour gains,
But she that 's forc'd her innocence retains:
Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,
Invading we are free, and nothing owe:
No ties of love or gratitude constrain, 995
But as we like we leave—or come again.
It shall be so———
Since softer arguments have prov'd so vain, [*To her.*
Force is the last, resist it if you can.

[*He seizes her, she breaks from him.*

ORI. Help—help—ye Gods! 1000

ARCAL. Who with such courage can resist desire,
With what a rage she 'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this scorn he dies.

AMADIS *discovered in chains.* Arcalaus *advancing to stab him,* ARCABON *enters in the instant, and cries to stab* Oriana.

ARCAB. Strike boldly, Murd'rer! strike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger answers ev'ry wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd!
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

ORI. Strike, my Deliv'rer! 't is a friendly stroke;
I shun thoe not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet methinks he might that victim spare.

[*Pointing to* Amadis.

AMAD. Burst, burst these chains; just Gods! can you [look down
On such distress like idle lookers-on?
My soul till now no dangers could affright,
But trembles like a coward's at this sight.

ARCAB. So passionate! but I 'll revenge it here—

ARCAL. Hold, Fury!—or I strike as home forbear—

[Arcabon *offering to stab* Oriana, Arcalaus *do the same to* Amadis: *both with-hold their hands.*

Trumpets, kettle-drums, and warlike instruments of all kinds, resound from all parts of the theatre. URGANDA *enters hastily with a numerous train.* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon *surprised, retire to the opposite side of the stage.*

URG. To arms, to arms, ye Spirits of the air!
Ye guardians of the brave and of the fair, 1020
Leave your bright manſions, and in arms appear.

Warlike muſic ſounds a charge; Spirits deſcend in clouds; ſome continue in the air playing upon inſtruments of war, others remain ranged in order of battle; others deſcend upon the ſtage, ranging themſelves by Amadis, *whom* Urganda *frees, giving him a ſword.* Oriana *likewiſe is freed.*

ARCAB. Fly quick, ye Demons! from your black [abodes,
And try another combat with the gods;
Blue fires and peſtilential fumes ariſe,
And flaming fountains ſpout againſt the ſkies; 1025
From their broad roots theſe oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my deſpair.

Trumpets ſound on Arcabon's *ſide, which are anſwered on* Urganda's. *The Grove appears in an inſtant all in a flame; fountains from below caſt up fire as in ſpouts; a rain of fire from above; the ſky darkened; Demons range themſelves on the ſtage by* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon; *other Demons face* Urganda; *Spirits in the air, martial inſtruments ſounding from all parts of the theatre;* Arcalaus *advances before his party, with his ſword drawn, to* Amadis.

ARCAL. Let Heav'n and Hell ſtand neuter, while [we try
On equal terms which of us two ſhall die.

alaus *and* Amadis *engage at the head* f *their par-*
s; *a fight at the same time in the air* nd *upon the*
ge; *all sorts of loud instruments sounding* Arcalaus
lls; *the Demons some fly away through* : *air, others*
k *under ground with horrible cries.*

RG. Sound tunes of tri s! and bear
r notes aloft, that he ay hear;
thou, O Sun! shine gay, 1052
l bright, as when the Giants lost the day.

es of triumph, the sky clears, the Grove returns to its
st prospect. A large ball of fire representing the figure
the sun descends gradually to the stage; Amadis *ap-*
oaching Oriana *respectfully*, Arcabon *stands stillen*
nd observing.

MAD. *to* ORI. While Amadis Oriana's love pos-
are of empire in that beauteous breast, [sest,
Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was blest.
RI. While to Oriana Amadis was true, 1037
wand'ring flames to distant climates drew,
heav'n, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.
MAD. That heav'n of love, alas! is mine no more;
ving those pow'rs by whom she falsely swore,
to Constantius would those charms resign, 1042
aths could bind, that should be only mine.
RI. *With a feign'd falsehood you'd evade your part*
uilt, and tax a tender faithful heart; 1045

While by ſuch ways you 'd hide a conſcious flame,
The only virtue you have left is ſhame.

[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*

AMAD. *approaching tenderly.*] But ſhould this injur'd
vaſſal you ſuſpect
Prove true—ah! what return might he expect?

ORI. *returning to him with an air of tenderneſs.*] Tho'
brave Conſtantius charms with ev'ry art
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he joines for glory or delight,
[illegible] enchant the [illegible]
[illegible] claim;
[illegible]—[illegible]

AMA. [illegible] Moves by
[illegible] in my [illegible], and [illegible] in my [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] brilliant.

The machine representing the figure of the sun opens, and appears to be a chariot refulgent with rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient seats, to which Urganda *conducts* Oriana; Amadis *following,* Arcabon *seeps him by the robe.*

ARCAB. What, not one look! not one dissembling
To thank me for your life, or to beguile [smile,
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art, 1071
Hence from my sight for ever, and my heart.
[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*
Back, Soldier! to the camp, thy proper sphere;
Stick to thy trade; dull hero! follow war.
Useless to women—thou mere image! meant 1075
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

Amadis *takes his place in* Urganda's *chariot, which rises gradually in the air, not quite disappearing till the close of* Arcabon's *speech.*

So ready to be gone—Barbarian! stay.
He 's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O, stay! come back—Horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!—Return, return; 1080
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! distraction!—I am all despair.
Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at bliss,
But thunder shake thy limbs, and lightning blast thy kiss.

First voice.

" The battle 's done,
" Our wars are over:
" The battle 's done,
" Let laurels crown
" Whom rugged steel did cover.

Second voice.

" Let myrtles too
" Bring peace for ever;
" Let myrtles too
" Adorn the brow
" That bent beneath the warlike be:

A full CHORUS *of all the voices and*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's *enchanted Palace.*

The scenes are adorned and diversified with the fe presentations of the adventures and exploits of he heroines; a large piece facing the front, represent apotheosis, or reception among the gods.

AMADIS *and* ORIANA.

ORIANA.

In my esteem he well deserves a part;
He shares my praise, but you have all my hea
When equal virtues in the scales are try'd,
And justice against neither can decide:
When judgment thus perplex'd suspends the
Fancy must speak, and give the casting voice
Much to his love, much to his merit, is due,
But pow'rful inclination was for you.

AMAD. Thou hast no equal, a superior ray
Unrivall'd as the light that rules the day.
Should Fame solicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchase but a grain of the delight
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORI. Wrong not my virtue, to suppose tha
Can grant to love what duty must deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breast
Is rul'd by glory, tho' by love possest:
Rather than be another's I would die,
Nor can be your's till duty shall comply.

AMAD. Hard rules! which thus the nobleſt loves
To wait the peeviſh humours of old age! [engage
Think not the lawfulneſs of love conſiſts 1130
In parents' wills, or in the forms of prieſts;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happieſt bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd when hearts agree. 1135

Enter URGANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, *and attendants to* Urganda.

URG. Here faithful lovers to ſure joys remove,
The ſoft retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings and famous conquerors.
Here, gallant Prince! let all your labours end;
Before I gave a miſtreſs, now a friend, 1141
The greateſt bleſſings which the gods can ſend.
[*Preſenting* Floreſtan.

AMAD. O Floreſtan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys complete:
The ſight of thee does ſuch vaſt tranſports breed,
As ſcarce the ecſtacies of love exceed. 1146

FLOR. If beyond love or glory is a taſte
Of pleaſure, it is ſure in friendſhip plac'd.

ORI. My Coriſanda too! [*Embracing her.*
Not Floreſtan could fly with greater haſte 1150
To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breaſt,
As to thy lover's———

ɔR. ——— O joy complete!
s'd day!
erein so many friends and lovers meet.
LOR. The storm blown over, so the wanton doves
ke from their plumes the rain, and seek the
groves,
their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.
MAD. O Floreſtan! bleſs'd as thou doſt deſerv
hee the Fates are kind without reſerve.
joys are not so full; tho' Love would yield,
ce Honour ſtands his ground, and keeps the field
ure within, ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
ile Honour with his guard of pride defends.
Nature frail! and fauity in thy frame,
nenting wiſhes Honour muſt condemn;
O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind
en Nature prompts, and when Deſire is kind.

er ARCABON, *conducting* CONSTANTIUS, *her g*
ents looſe and hair diſhevelled, ſeeming frantic. Co
tantius *in deep mourning.*

ARC. This, Roman! is the place: 't is magic grou
l by enchantment, by enchantment found.
nold them at our view diſſolve in fear;
o armies are two lovers in deſpair.
ɔceed, be bold, and, ſcorning to entreat,
ink all her ſtrugglings feign'd, her cries dece
l him, and raviſh her—for ſo would I,
re I a man—or rather let both die.

'T is sweet to [illegible]
Revenge supplies the loss with joys as gre[illegible]

[*A chariot descends swiftly, into which she en[illegible] following lines.*

Up to th' ethereal heav'ns, where gods ref[illegible]
Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy side.

[*A clap of thunder. The chariot mounts in t[illegible] vanishes with her.*

co[illegible]. Fly where thou wilt, but not to bless'[illegible]
For sure where'er thou art there are no go[illegible]

Addressing himself to Oriana.

I come not here an object to affright,
Or to molest, but add to your delight.
Behold a prince expiring in your view,
Whose life 's a burthen to himself and you.
Fate and the King all other means deny
To set you free but that [illegible]
[illegible]

no lefs renown'd, 1200
ious, and as fure the wound.
d thy fweets let her be bleft,
ntle in that beauteous breaft:
nant beams, with deadly force,
ny joys, and in their ba
plant, and dry'd up ev 1207
fhine lefs fatal brigh
eart, and nourifh her delight;
cruel influence that deftroys,
days, and ripen all her joys. 1210

and fhews concern. Amadis *addreffing him-*
ftantius.

ere Fortune us'd to fmile upon defert
een yours; to die had been my part:
divides the prize; tho' beauty 's mine,
our other miftrefs, is more thine.

Conftantius *looking fternly upon him.*

ot, gallant Prince! a rival's praife, 1215
our high worth thus humbles to confefs,
thing but love he merits lefs.
Art thou that rival then? O killing fhame!
s he view'd me thus, fo weak, fo tame!
fcorn'd captive proftrate at his fide, 1220
ice his triumph, and delight his pride?
is too much; and Nature in difdain
back from death, and, firing ev'ry vein,
ns with rage, and kindles life again.

Be firm, my Soul! quick from this ſcene remove,
Or madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for love. 1226
Spent as I am, and weary'd with the weight
Of burth'ning life—I could reverſe my fate;
Thus planted—ſtand thy everlaſting bar—
[*Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breaſt.* Amadis *does the ſame, each holding a dagger ready to ſtrike.*
But for Oriana's ſake 't is better here. 1230
[*Stabs himſelf*; Amadis *throws away his dagger, and ſupports him: they all help.*

ORI. Live, gen'rous Prince! ſuch virtue ne'er ſhould die.

CON. I 'ave liv'd enough, of all I wiſh poſſeſs'd,
If, dying—I may leave Oriana bleſs'd. 1233
The laſt warm drop forſakes my bleeding heart:
Oh, Love! how ſure a murderer thou art! [*Dies.*

ORI. *weeping.*] There breaks the nobleſt heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMA. Laviſh to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd my heart had done the ſame.

FLOR. Oh, Emperor! all ages muſt agree 1240
Such, but more happy, ſhould all lovers be.

URG. *to* ORI. No lover now throughout the world remains
But Amadis deſerving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the ſight.
[*Carry off the body.*
Ere yon' bright beams are ſhadow'd o'er with night
The ſtubborn king ſhall licenſe your delight. 1245

ch, already bright with nuptial fire,
ing you to the bridegroom you desire:
nour, which so long has kept in doubt,
er pleas'd to yield than to hold out. 1250

ish of all the music. The stage fills with Singers l Dancers, in the habits of heroes and heroines.

a conducts Amadis, Oriana, *&c. to a seat during llowing entertainment.*

First voice.

room for the combat, make room,
d the trumpet and drum;
rer than Venus prepares
counter a greater than Mars:
gods of desire take part in the fray, 1255
Love sits like Jove to decide the great day.
room for the combat, make room,
d the trumpet and drum."

Second voice.

the word to begin,
he combatants in; 1260
challenger enters all glorious:
Love has decreed,
Beauty may bleed,
Beauty shall still be victorious."

CHORUS.

room for the combat, make room, 1265
d the trumpet and drum."

Here two parties enter from the oppoſite ſides of the armed at all points, marching in warlike order, a dance ſeveral Pyrrhic or martial dances with ſwo bucklers; which ended, the Singers again advan

To be ſung.

" Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror crie
" He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah, me! h
" Gently ſhe tries to raiſe his head,
" And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
" Sound, ſound a charge—it 's war again;
" Again he fights, again is ſlain:
" Again, again, help! help! ſhe cries;
" He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah, me! h

Dance of heroes and heroines; then Singers again c ward.

To be ſung.

" Happy pair!
" Free from care,
" Enjoy the bleſſing
" Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
" Free from care,
" Happy pair.
" Love inviting,
" Souls uniting,
" Deſiring,
" Expiring,

y the bleſſing 1285
ſweet poſſeſſing;
ee from care,
Happy pair!"

nother dance of heroes and heroines; then a full CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments.*

"Be true, all ye Lovers! whate'er you endure;
"Tho' cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure! 1290
"In the hour of poſſeſſing
"So divine is the bleſſing,
"That one moment's obtaining
"Pays an age of complaining.
"Be true, all ye Lovers! whate'er you endure; 1295
"Tho' cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!"

Here follows variety of dances, with which the entertainment concluding, Amadis, Orians, *&c. riſe and come forward.*

AMA. So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the ſkies,
The clouds diſperſe, and gloomy horror flies,
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright. 1300

ORI. Our preſent joys are ſweeter for paſt pain;
To love and heav'n by ſuff'ring we attain.

URO. Whate'er the virtuous and the juſt endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always ſure. 1304

A triumphant flourriſh of all the inſtruments, with which the play concludes.

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